

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



IN COLOUR: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA IN PERUVIAN COSTUME; AND OTHER ITEMS.

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## More time to kill

Down the Ems, the barges swing on the current, diesel chugging or black smoking towards the North Sea. To the east, through Pied Piper's Hamelin, the Weser swirls towards Bremen. Between them lies a flat land of dyke and ditch, roads shiny cobbled, timbered farmsteads tall-roofed, tile and thatch. Harlingerland, Ostfriesland, Saterland, Ammerland: some of the richest farming country in Lower Saxony. And an area where, in recent years, one of the most damaging insect pests of Northern Europe—the Beet Fly—has caused heavy losses.

Successful control of the Beet Fly (*Pegomya hyoscyami* Panz.), is not a simple problem, for to control the first generation larvae which attack while the plants are too small to withstand heavy damage, accurate timing of spray applications is

essential. Sprayed too early, the insecticide may have lost its power before many of the larvae have hatched. Sprayed too late, the whole crop may be destroyed, for in severe infestations the larval population may be as high as thirty *per leaf*.

In 1956, starting in early May, egg-laying by the Beet Fly continued in the Weser-Ems district for almost six weeks with undiminished intensity, and damage was so great that where no control was exercised, entire fields of beet had to be ploughed up. In Hanover and Westphalia the story was the same. Serious losses were sustained even in some cases where insecticides were used, due to the short residual action of the product. But where *endrin* was employed it was generally found that a single spraying with this advanced Shell insecticide was sufficient.

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Larva of *Pegomya hyoscyami* Panz.



## Study group

An hour precisely since the last bite. Undisturbed, unmoved, the bright red and green float lies studying its own reflection. The angler studies the float. A moorhen studies the angler. *Manufacturers would do well to study the picture—an illustration not only of patience by a peaceful canal but of the wide and varied use of Shell chemicals. The plastic raincoat, for example—made of Carina P.V.C. The rubber boots and the tyres on the bicycle—moulded from Cariflex synthetic rubber.*

The Epikote resin which put the extra protection in the rod varnish. The vacuum flask of Carinex polystyrene and the sandwich box of Carlona polyethylene. Even the tobacco in the angler's pipe tastes sweeter because of the use of Shell glycerine or glycols as a humectant. Almost everything he uses, wears, employs or buys can have a Shell chemical somewhere in its pedigree. Shell currently manufactures a range of chemicals so diverse in character and so numerous that it would need an

entire page of this publication to list them. In serving Industry, whatever Shell does, Shell does well.

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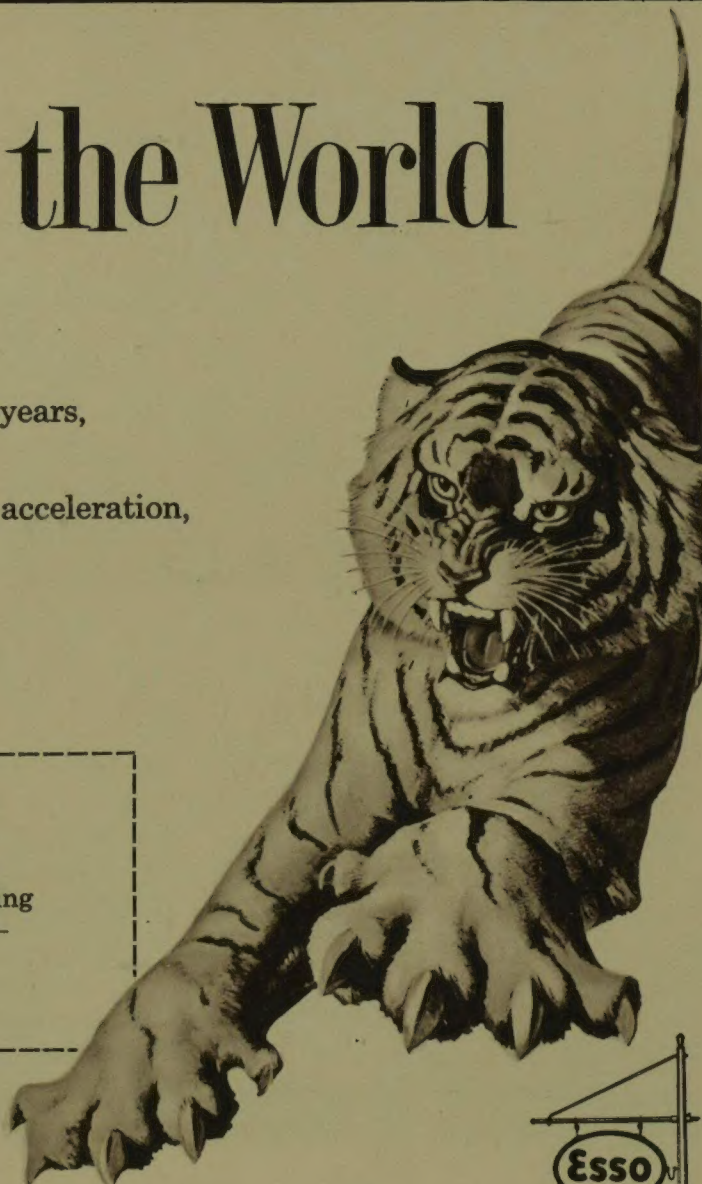
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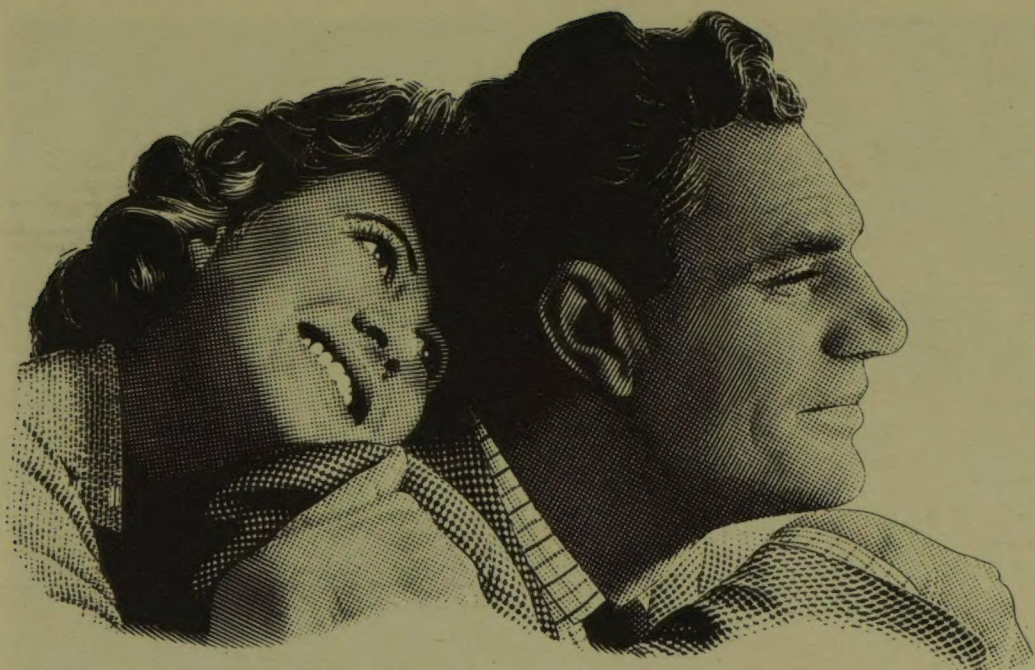


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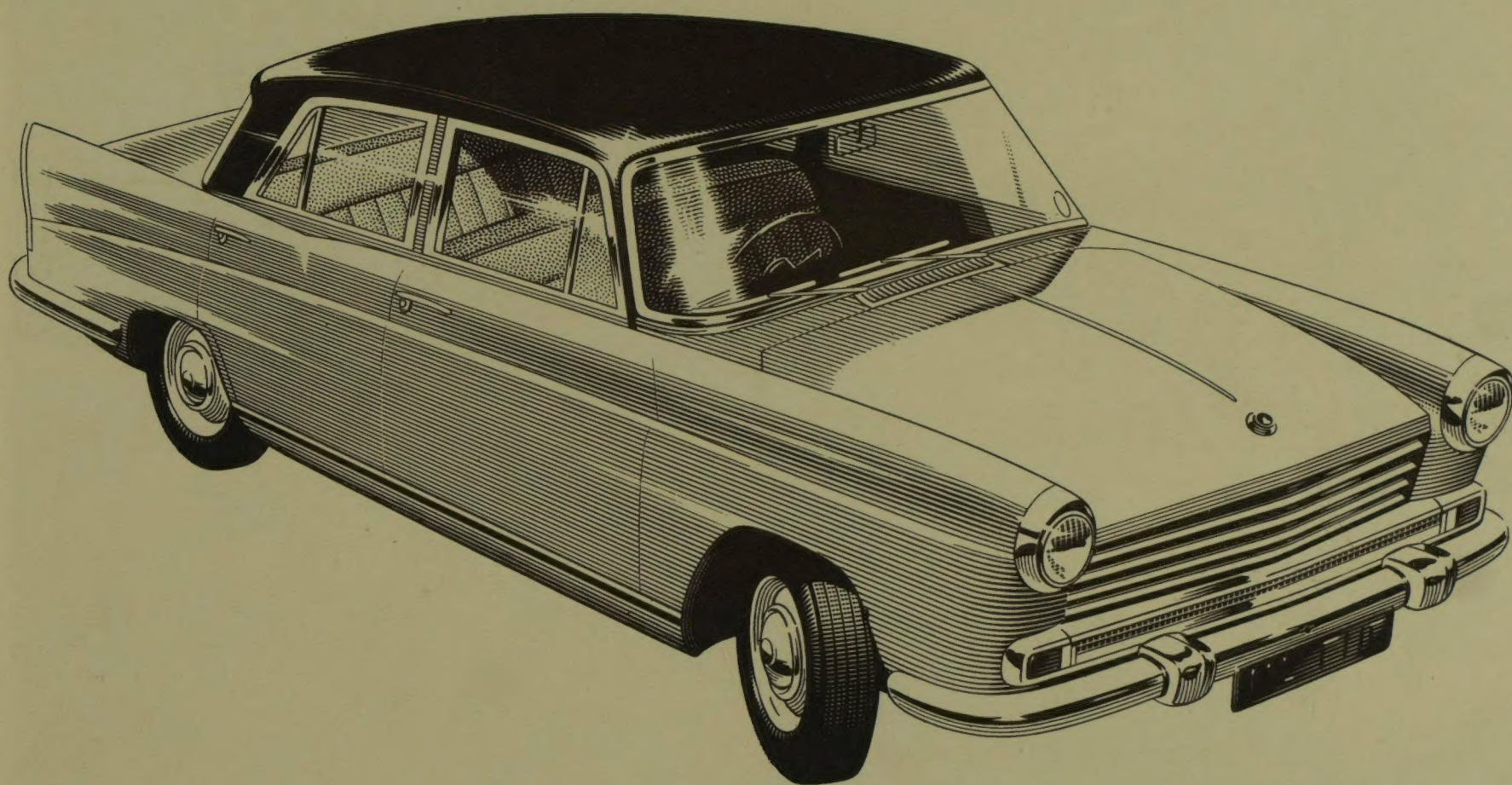
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SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1959.



THE SALUTE OF AN EMPEROR: THE SHAH OF PERSIA, SEATED WITH THE QUEEN IN AN OPEN CARRIAGE, ACKNOWLEDGES THE CHEERS OF THE CROWD AT THE START OF THE DRIVE TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

On May 5 his Imperial Majesty, the Shahanshah of Iran, arrived in London for a three-day State visit. The Shah last visited this country in February 1955, when he was accompanied by the Empress Suraya. After being welcomed at Victoria Station by the Queen and Prince Philip, the Shah drove with them to Buckingham Palace in the State coach. At the Palace the Queen appointed him to the honorary rank of Air Chief Marshal. In the evening a State banquet was held in the white-and-gold ballroom amid a scene of almost Oriental splendour, and in her speech the Queen spoke of Persia's

contribution to civilisation. She drew attention to the celebration this year of 2,500 years of monarchy in that country. In reply, the Shah mentioned his visit in 1948 and stressed the strong links, both cultural and economic, between the two countries. On the second day the Shah was entertained by the Lord Mayor of London at the traditional Guildhall luncheon. On the last day of his visit the Shah paid a visit to Harwell and in the evening attended a Gala performance at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Highlights of the visit are illustrated on other pages.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY can always be relied on to put the cat among the pigeons. In an age in which, in the service of Democracy, unpleasant truths must never be expressed openly by its Ministers and courtiers, but only hinted at obliquely, I find the Field Marshal's candour rather refreshing. It recalls an older England, now almost completely extinct, except, perhaps, in those ancient haunts of blunt speaking, Yorkshire and Lancashire, where John Bull was wont to comment freely on men and things that were not to his taste. In those days, the indiscretions or unpalatable truths of the victor of Alamein would have passed almost unnoticed, for they were common form among our country's then rulers. Palmerston, it will be recalled, instructed the British Ambassador in Paris that, if the French Foreign Minister again used the language of menace to him—over Egypt—he was to "convey to him in the most friendly and inoffensive manner possible that if France... begins a war, she will for a certainty lose her ships, colonies and commerce before she sees the end of it" and that her Egyptian protégé, Mehemet Ali—the Colonel Nasser of his day—would "just be chucked into the Nile"! On another occasion—it is astonishing to think that it was little more than a century ago—he remarked of a visiting Shah of Persia, to whom it had been suggested that the Garter should be given, that he deserved rather the Halter! Grave persons, including Prince Albert, who did so much to make our country decorous-minded, were naturally shocked by these calculated indiscretions, but the people of England liked them. "The Viscount, full of vigour and hilarity and overflowing with diplomatic swagger," was the man for them. And when the Court and Palmerston's outraged colleagues were suspected of having intrigued to get rid of him, the popular broadside-sellers soon had all the gamins of London singing,

Small Lord John has been and gone.

And turned adrift Lord Palmerston,

Amongst the lot the only don Who didn't take care of number one!

Out spoke Home Secretary Grey,

"I wish old Palmy was away."

"Aye, turn him out," they all did say,

"For he's the people's darling!"

Of course, all this is most distasteful to modern taste. Nothing nowadays must ever be said by our public men that could suggest that the people of this country are anything but respectful, indeed almost adulatory, towards the rulers of other countries, at least those of other countries on this side of the Iron Curtain. We have even, through our elected leaders, politely prostrated ourselves before the rulers of Germany, whose predecessors have twice in the past half-century attacked and all but destroyed everything we value and hold dear. As for the rulers of America, whoever they may happen to be at the moment, their right to the genuflections of the heirs of Pitt and Salisbury is now regarded in many quarters as

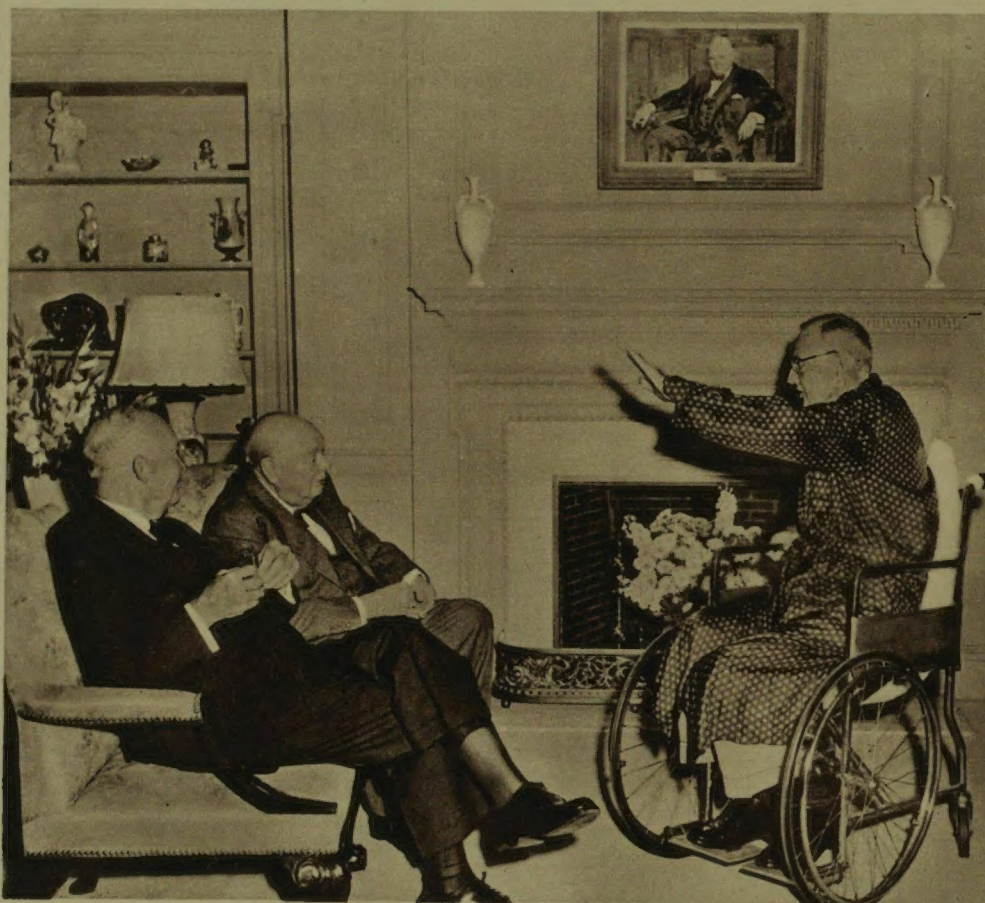
absolute. And as Field Marshal Montgomery has included President Eisenhower in his criticisms, he is as much in disgrace at the moment in such quarters as, say, a fag would have been at a public school half a century ago who spoke disrespectfully—not that anyone at my school ever dared to do so!—of the captain of the school cricket eleven! For President Eisenhower, it is felt in Whitehall and Fleet Street, is the captain of the N.A.T.O. side and as such must be protected from all criticism.

Personally—for I am a very old-fashioned and unregenerate person—I regard all this as nonsense, and not only nonsense, but rather pernicious nonsense! Far and away the most valuable asset enjoyed by a democracy is that it allows criticism

apparently waspish and arrogant military *obiter dicta* which our popular Press, by taking his remarks from their context, made them appear to be. The sole moral right to government under a democratic system is that he who rules should be ready to accept criticism and, if that criticism results in a loss of popularity and an adverse vote, to yield his place in due season. President Eisenhower is as much subject to that salutary principle as Mr. Macmillan or Mr. Gaitskell. It is beside the point to say that, as Head of the American State, he is sacrosanct; if Americans prefer, as under their Constitution they do, to invest the Head of their State with political power and to select him in every fourth year from the leaders

of one or other of their main political parties, they must expect him to be criticised just as much by democrats living outside the United States as by democrats living inside it. To say that he is in the same position as our own Sovereign is quite untrue. The Queen of England has no political power and is associated with no political party. She represents the British people and nation, but she does not govern them. To attack her, therefore, on political grounds would be grossly unfair, for, as Queen, she is precluded from even answering back. She cannot, and does not, take part in any of the democratic processes; she cannot record a vote, she cannot express an opinion except those of her Ministers for the time being. But President Eisenhower, for all the respect due to his dignity as the elected President of the greatest State on earth, is not in that position. And as in the past five years he has played a very considerable part in affecting the affairs and interests of this country—and, as many of us feel, and strongly, not always a wholly beneficial one—we have certainly got the right to criticise him. And if there is any validity in democracy at all, and we are not to be regarded as a non-voting and unenfranchised American dependency or colony, it is our duty as democrats to criticise him if we think his acts or opinion offend

against either our interests or ideals. That is part of the democratic game—one of which President Eisenhower, like every other American citizen, is an inherent and loyal part. In criticising him or any other American President or politician, we do not attribute to him bad faith; we merely, if we do so, do so because we think he is wrong. And if Field Marshal Montgomery considers the present American President to be for any reason unfitted to perform his great political functions—functions which profoundly affect the people of this and many other democratic countries—he has every right to say so. Whether he is right or wrong in his opinions is another matter: every other man is as entitled to hold his own on the matter as he. But what I am concerned to deny and challenge is the notion that a free-born Briton, be he Field Marshal or milkman, is not at liberty to speak his mind freely about any possessor of political power on earth. Those who would deny him such a right have a very poor understanding both of our polity and history.



AT THE WALTER REED HOSPITAL, WASHINGTON: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AND PRESIDENT EISENHOWER VISIT MR. DULLES, WHO IS SEEN IN ANIMATED CONVERSATION.

Sir Winston Churchill and President Eisenhower visited Mr. Dulles at the Walter Reed Hospital on May 5, the day after Sir Winston's arrival in the United States. While at the hospital, Sir Winston and the President also saw General Marshall, who—like Mr. Dulles—is a former Secretary of State and who recently had a stroke while on holiday. Mr. Dulles, who has been having treatment for cancer, welcomed his visitors in a wheelchair. During their reunion, Mr. Dulles and Sir Winston recalled their friendly co-operation in the past, Mr. Dulles appearing deeply moved on seeing his old friend again. The meeting, which lasted about twenty minutes, took place in a room in which hangs a portrait (shown in the photograph) by President Eisenhower of Sir Winston, which is one of Mr. Dulles' possessions.

of those in authority. We are still in this country allowed to criticise our own rulers, much as they naturally dislike our doing so, and I cannot see why we should diminish this asset by forgoing the right to criticise the rulers of other countries, particularly countries whose power and wealth enables them to influence or dictate in any degree our own national policy. I am not in the least anti-American, nor do I resent American hegemony over the Western World; on the contrary, I welcome it as by far and away mankind's best hope for the immediate future. But I also believe passionately in the right and, indeed, duty of any British subject, including Field Marshal Montgomery, to say anything he likes about the rulers of America and their policy. The reason for this is obvious, though it seems to have escaped those who have been so shocked by the Field Marshal's criticisms, which, I am told, in their original form, in the recorded television programme, were delivered both with good humour and modesty, and were very far removed from the



## TOPICAL EVENTS IN ENGLAND AND WALES; AND TWO ROYAL OCCASIONS.



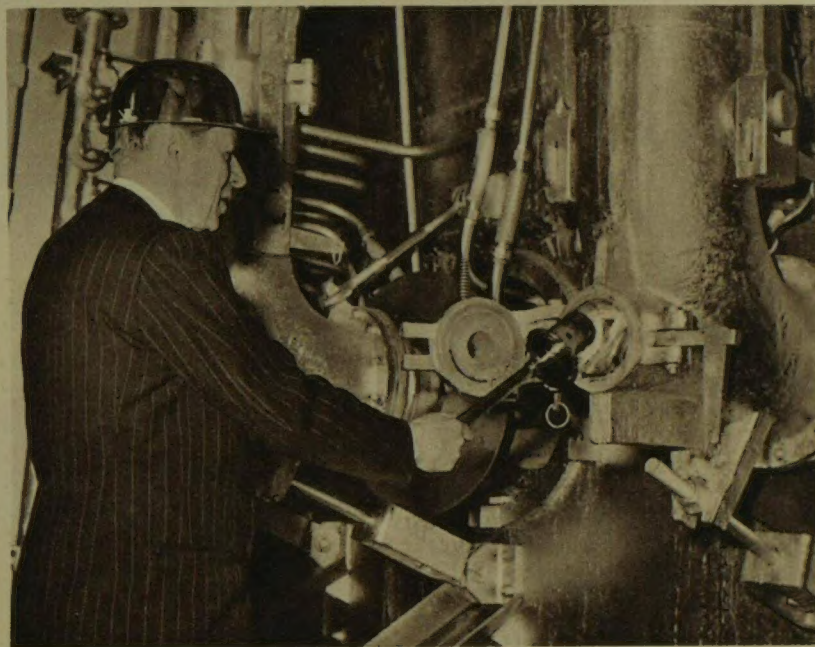
DR. JONAS SALK (LEFT), THE DISCOVERER OF THE POLIO VACCINE, WATCHES MISS M. JENKINS RECEIVE HER SECOND INJECTION AND SO BECOME THE 500,000TH PERSON TO COMPLETE THE COURSE IN THE COUNTY OF LONDON. RIGHT, DR. J. V. AGIUS-FERRANTE.



AT THE APPEAL FOR £60,000 FOR THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM: (L. TO R.) LORD SIMON, MR. JOHN SPARROW, LORD JUSTICE PEARCE AND MR. WALTER OAKESHOTT. On May 5 at Skinners' Hall, Mr. John Sparrow, Warden of All Souls College, Oxford, launched an appeal to provide accommodation for the University's Oriental Art treasures, which he described as "buried treasure—nearly half a million pounds worth of it."



THE WRECKAGE OF A TWIN-ENGINE DOVE AIRCRAFT WHICH CRASHED IN A STREET OUTSIDE THE MAINDY ATHLETICS STADIUM, CARDIFF. THE PILOT AND THREE PASSENGERS WERE KILLED. This aircraft, privately owned by Lec Refrigeration Ltd. and used by them in connection with their display at the Ideal Homes exhibition in Cardiff, crashed on May 6. It is believed the pilot avoided crashing on 600 schoolboys in the nearby stadium, where he might have force-landed.



MR. HAROLD PEAKE, CHAIRMAN OF THE STEEL COMPANY OF WALES, LIGHTING UP THE NEW NO. 5 BLAST FURNACE AT THE MARGAM WORKS—ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST. The No. 5 Blast Furnace is one of the main items of plant to be installed under the Company's £52,000,000 development scheme "M" and has an iron-making capacity of more than 10,000 tons per week. It was brought into operation on May 8.



GREETED BY POLISH CHILDREN: THE QUEEN MOTHER AT THE OCKENDEN VENTURE, A PROJECT FOR EDUCATING NON-GERMAN CHILDREN FROM D.P. CAMPS IN GERMANY.



CONTEMPLATING A MODEL WHICH SIMULATES THE STRUCTURE OF A MOLECULE OF NUCLEIC ACID: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AT KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON. On May 4 the Queen Mother went to Woking, the headquarters of the Ockenden Venture, a project for educating D.P. children in England. On May 6, as Chancellor of the University of London, she visited King's College and is here seen with one of those models which, scientists maintain, simplify the complications of molecular structure.



THE visit of the Greek Prime Minister to Ankara is a much more important event in international affairs than the size or wealth of Greece and Turkey would at first sight suggest. These two countries, linked by two alliances, occupy vital strategic positions in Europe and Western Asia, and the significance of these positions is emphasised by the fact that they not only possess a common frontier but are strategically complementary to each other. Their relations have been warlike. Without going back beyond the memory of old men who were adults in 1897, they can recall five wars in which the two states were ranged on opposite sides: in 1897, 1912, 1913, the later phases of the First World War, and 1921. It is a hostile record.

The statesmanship of the great men, whom the two countries were fortunate enough to have at their disposal at the same time, healed the wounds. The interchange of populations, agreements on disputed territories, compensation for loss of property by the nationals of each, arrangements for the substantial minority on either side which was not exchanged, some improvement if not a definitive settlement of disputes about the Patriarchate, a treaty of neutrality, were among their achievements. It was a most striking reconciliation. After N.A.T.O. had been set up, these two states joined it together. They were likewise linked by the Balkan Pact, the third member of which was Yugoslavia. These good relations, so largely brought about by Venizelos and Mustafa Kemal (Ataturk), endured until the Cyprus controversy.

It would seem likely that the first item in the discussions for which MM. Karamanlis and Averoff visited Ankara has again been the subject of Cyprus. It may also be supposed that they will have a new and special character. The constitutional framework will go on being constructed elsewhere—the committee in London continues to meet, and is likely to do so for some months more. If I read the signs aright, hosts and visitors will be concerned rather with the spirit in which Greek and Turkish Cypriots are to face their future. The Turkish municipalities may present a problem, and there are a good many others. Some shadows appear in the background, such as the possibility of a serious clash between Right and Left Wing unions. But the change in atmosphere is astonishingly illustrated by an interview given by Archbishop Makarios to the Turkish journalist Yusuf Aichan and his impressions.

Another subject to be debated will be the position of minorities. The people of Greek race living in Turkey, chiefly in Istanbul, have never been altogether free from anxiety since the destruction of their property and their maltreatment by Turkish mobs. They have had further reason for disquietude, including some unfriendly comments in a section of the Turkish Press. They do not consider that they have received adequate compensation for their losses in the riots, though these occurred over three and a half years ago. These grievances should not be hard to assuage by statesmanship.

On the Turkish side ill-feeling over Cyprus led to complaints that the Turkish minority in Greece

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. GRÆCO-TURKISH RELATIONS RESTORED.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

were neglected and indeed persecuted. I have described my impressions of this Turkish community here, but as this was some time ago I may perhaps restate some of them more briefly. Of persecution I could not find a trace. The question of neglect is more difficult to assess. It was clear that the Turks came off as well as their Greek neighbours in matters such as agricultural loans and that the Greek Nomarch had instructions to watch their interests closely. As regards primary education they seemed, if anything, to be somewhat favoured. In higher education they were certainly at a disadvantage. This could be bettered, but only with strong collaboration on

and it may be taken that, whatever the statesmen of the two countries have had to say about N.A.T.O., the breach is already closed. Then there is the question of the Balkan Pact, in which the participants are Greece, Turkey and Yugoslavia. This to all intents and purposes broke up on account of the unfriendliness between Greece

and Turkey, and since then, though Greek friendship with Yugoslavia never deteriorated badly and has recovered any ground lost, the same thing cannot be said of Turkish and Yugoslav intercourse. This, too, can be restored, but it is doubtful whether the Balkan Pact will be what it was at first.

President Tito changes his policies at frequent intervals. His unpopularity in Moscow has not ceased, but no one can safely prophesy that it will not do so. His present line is altogether different to that which he was following when he entered the Balkan alliance—and did

so as a matter of urgency, appealing to the then Greek Prime Minister, Field Marshal Papagos, for his good offices in persuading Turkey to make up her mind on the subject. To-day he is rather of the Nehru type of national leader, "uncommitted" and "neutralist" in international affairs. He is the last man about whom it would be safe to make confident prophecies, but for the time being at all events it is unlikely that he will assent to any revival of the military aspects of the Balkan Pact.

During the period of aloofness between the two countries, Greece and Turkey have subtly changed their orientation in some respects, or perhaps we should say that an earlier slight difference has been accentuated. Turkey is linked with Persia and Pakistan in a defence pact. She is said to be interested in the possibility of another in the Mediterranean. Greek relations with the Arab countries have no parallel in Turkey, though she was overlord of most of them for a very long time. Greece is ready to be a faithful and a working partner in N.A.T.O., but nothing must interfere with her friendship with Egypt, which has become the home of a large and in great part flourishing Greek community. These considerations should be noted, but it seems fantastic to regard

them as a barrier to friendship between Greece and Turkey.

By the time these words are read there is likely to have been some announcement about the conversations and perhaps confirmation of a joint visit to Cyprus, followed by a visit by M. Menderes to Greece. At the time of writing there seems to be widespread hope that the visit to Ankara will be highly successful. Twenty-seven years ago, when Venizelos was sitting beside the Turkish President at a banquet in Ankara, he was overheard to remark to him: "We have agreed on the future of the Near East." It would be a triumph if such words could be repeated. The achievement was not permanent: nothing mortal is, and the Levant has been noted for political impermanence, alongside immemorial essential characteristics. It was well worth while and made many people happier. A reproduction now would do the same.



HEALING WOUNDS IN THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN: THE GREEK PRIME MINISTER, MR. KARAMANLIS (LEFT), REPLYING TO MR. MENDERES (RIGHT) AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN ANKARA.

For the first time in several years Greek and Turkish flags lined the streets of Ankara for the visit of the Greek Prime Minister, Mr. Karamanlis, on May 7. The reception he received from the crowds lining the streets was not one of unrestrained enthusiasm, yet its reserve indicated how relations between the two countries have improved during the past months. Replying to the Turkish Prime Minister, Mr. Karamanlis spoke of the spirit of harmony which had made an agreement on Cyprus possible, and expressed a hope that new horizons would open for Greece and Turkey, based on the friendship that had grown up between the two world wars. Mr. Karamanlis was expected to stay six days.

their own part. Higher education in any country involves an effort to reach proficiency in its tongue.

The community was undoubtedly poor and backward, but Greece is on the average a poor country where the life of the peasant farmer is, leaving out a few small prosperous areas, one of stark simplicity. It is a delicate question, but the aid of Turkey in raising the standard of education is a possibility. A number of teachers did come from Turkey, and such visits can be revived. A few readers may recall that I mentioned one council on which the Greeks were represented by only a single man, who had no complaint about his position. My mainland visit was made before the relations between Greece and Turkey had reached their worst, but there was then no serious strain. I have been to Rhodes since and found no strain.

Participation in N.A.T.O. is restored. The Greek officers are back at their desks in Izmir,



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



WATCHING THE MARCH-PAST IN MADRID MARKING THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE END OF THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR: GENERAL FRANCO AT THE SALUTING-BASE.



ACTING AS ESCORT TO THE COLOURS OF THE AIR ACADEMY: THE YOUNG PRINCE JUAN CARLOS (RIGHT), HEIR OF THE CLAIMANT TO THE SPANISH THRONE.



AN ELECTION THAT HAS CAUSED INTEREST AND SPECULATION: PRINCE JUAN CARLOS ADMITTED TO THE ORDER OF MALTA IN A SERVICE IN MADRID.

## SPAIN: GENERAL FRANCO AND PRINCE JUAN CARLOS.

A march-past of the Army was held in Madrid on May 3 to mark the twentieth anniversary of the ending of the Spanish Civil War. As is usual on such parades General Franco took the salute; but on this occasion many people were more interested in the presence of Prince Juan Carlos, son of the claimant to the throne, who was acting as escort to the Colours of the Air Academy, where he is a cadet. Only the day before, his investiture in Madrid as Bailiff-President of the Spanish Chapter of the Sovereign Military Order of Malta had caused widespread interest. His presence in the parade would have remained unknown by the majority of onlookers had not a leaflet been circulated informing people of his presence. As he passed the saluting-base General Franco appeared to bow, and the crowd cheered and shouted "Viva!" Prince Juan Carlos is son of the Count of Barcelona.

## U.S.A.: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL WITH THE PRESIDENT.

Described by the American Press as the "Olympian man of the century," Sir Winston Churchill has been paying another visit to the United States. He received a moving welcome when he appeared from President Eisenhower's personal aircraft at Washington, and Mr. Eisenhower, Sir Winston's "dear friend of wartime days," was there to greet him. Together they drove off in a "bubble-top" limousine to the White House, where Sir Winston was staying as guest of the President. While in Washington he paid a visit to the Walter Reed Hospital, where Mr. Foster Dulles is undergoing treatment for cancer. He also accompanied the President to Gettysburg, and was shown round Mr. Eisenhower's estate in an electric golf-cart. Leaving Washington on May 8, Sir Winston spent two days in New York as the guest of Mr. Bernard Baruch, the statesman-financier, before returning to England on May 11.



"TO SEE SOME OLD COMRADES OF WARTIME DAYS": SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL ON ARRIVAL AT WASHINGTON, BEING GREETED AT THE AIRPORT BY PRESIDENT EISENHOWER.



WITH A CIGAR AND A "TEN-GALLON" SOMBRERO: SIR WINSTON TOURS THE PRESIDENT'S GETTYSBURG FARM WITH MR. EISENHOWER IN AN ELECTRIC GOLF-CART.



ABOUT TO VISIT A FAMOUS CIVIL WAR BATTLEFIELD BY HELICOPTER FROM THE WHITE HOUSE: THE TWO SMILING STATESMEN WITH SIR WINSTON'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



**COPENHAGEN, DENMARK.** A HIGH-TENSION ENDING TO A JUMP: AT AN AIR DISPLAY NEAR COPENHAGEN THE WIND GAVE THIS GERMAN PARACHUTIST A SHOCK OF A LANDING. When German parachutist Heinz Krebbels, aged thirty-six, made his jump at an air display near Copenhagen recently, he found himself suspended in the high-tension wires of a nearby electrical railway. The helicopter shown above was of no avail: finally he freed himself and was caught below as he fell.



**MADRID, SPAIN.** NEXT TO THE STATUE OF DON QUIXOTE IN THE PLAZA DE ESPANA: THE TORRE DE MADRID, SAID TO BE THE WORLD'S TALLEST CONCRETE BUILDING. IT IS OVER 190 FT. HIGH, HAS 34 STOREYS, 2 GROUND-FLOORS WITH A CINEMA AND SHOPS, 125 LUXURY FLATS AND 500 BUSINESS PREMISES.



**TOKYO, JAPAN.** BROLLIES AND BALLOONS ON MAY DAY: OVER 300,000 PEOPLE ATTENDED A RALLY IN THE JAPANESE CAPITAL ON MAY 1, AND FORMED WHAT IS REPUTED TO BE THE LARGEST ASSEMBLY OF UMBRELLAS IN THE COUNTRY'S HISTORY.



**ESSEN, WEST GERMANY.** A NEW WAY OF LEARNING TO SWIM HAS BEEN DEMONSTRATED AT AN INTERNATIONAL CAMPING EXHIBITION IN ESSEN. THE LEARNER WEARS PNEUMATIC INFLATABLE RUBBER BRACELETS ROUND HIS ARMS AND LEGS.



**TURKEY.** SHOWING THE SCATTERED REMAINS OF THE BRITISH *TUDOR* AIRCRAFT WHICH CRASHED IN EASTERN TURKEY ON APRIL 23: AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SCENE. The wreckage of the *Tudor* aircraft, carrying equipment for the Woomera rocket range in Australia, is shown scattered on the snow-covered slopes of the 14,434-ft. Mount Subhan. The danger of wolves hampered rescuers, but the team reached the wreckage (see page 849).



**OFF HAWAII.** WITH AN "ALOHA 50" SALUTE SPELLED OUT BY HER CREW ON HER FLIGHT-DECK: THE U.S. CARRIER *LEXINGTON* SAILS INTO PEARL HARBOUR. The United States attack aircraft carrier *Lexington* recently bore this spectacular salute to the "newest of the United States." The carrier can take between 85 and 100 aircraft, some of which are seen resting in positions amidships and on the stern.



**EGYPT.** ALL THAT COULD BE SEEN OF THE PLEASURE STEAMER *DANDARA* AFTER IT HAD SUNK IN THE RIVER NILE, NEAR CAIRO, ON MAY 8.

One hundred and nineteen persons were feared dead when a pleasure steamer, carrying more than 200 excursionists, sank near Barrage Gardens, 16 miles from Cairo. Fifty-two bodies were recovered and another sixty-seven were believed still missing. The steamer's captain and engineer were placed under arrest.



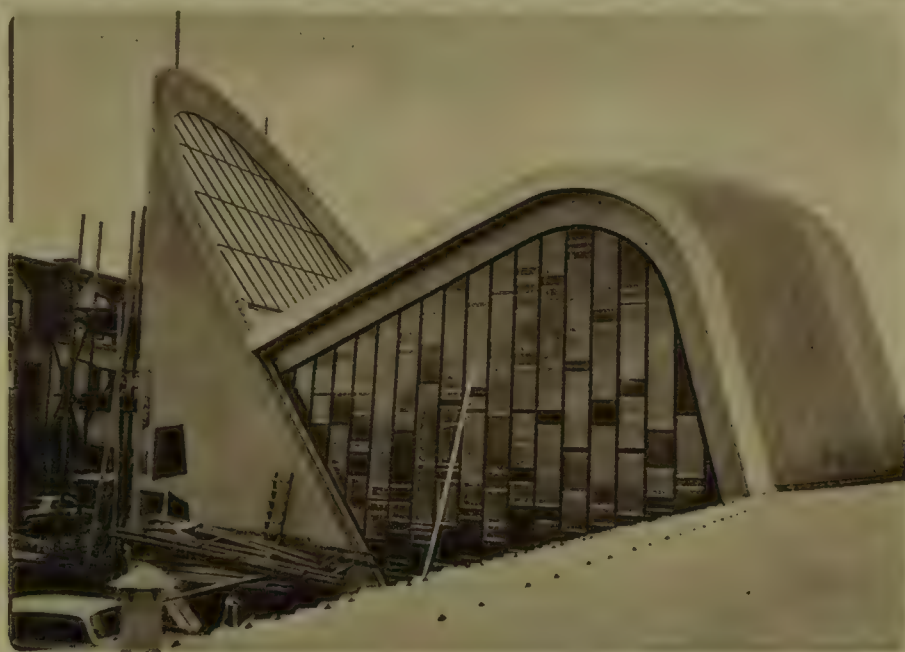
## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



OFF ICELAND. THE FRIGATE H.M.S. *CONTEST* WHICH CAME TO THE RESCUE OF THE HULL TRAWLER *ARCTIC VIKING*, ATTACKED BY AN ICELANDIC GUN-BOAT. An unusual episode in the Anglo-Icelandic dispute over fishing rights in Icelandic waters took place recently when the trawler *Arctic Viking* was attacked by the gun-boat *Thor*, about 12 miles off the Icelandic coast. The trawler moved astern and so prevented *Thor* from using her guns, until the frigate *Contest* appeared and ended the tussle.



OFF ICELAND. THE TRAWLER *ARCTIC VIKING* WHICH RESISTED ATTACK BY MANOEUVRING ASTERN SO THAT THE GUN-BOAT WAS UNABLE TO MAKE USE OF ITS GUNS. ICELAND CLAIMS THAT *ARCTIC VIKING* WAS WITHIN THE "12-MILE LIMIT."



(Left.) BREMEN, WEST GERMANY. "GOD'S CHAIR" IS THE NICK-NAME THE PEOPLE OF BREMEN HAVE GIVEN THIS NEW CONCRETE CHURCH WHICH WILL BE OPEN TO THE PUBLIC THIS SUMMER. DESIGNED BY CARSTEN SCHRÖCK, IT IS THE SUBJECT OF MUCH CONTROVERSY.



(Right.) HANOVER, WEST GERMANY. A DISC WHILE YOU DRIVE: RECENTLY DEVELOPED BY DEUTSCHE PHILIPS AND ON DISPLAY AT THE INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIAL FAIR, HANOVER, IS THIS RECORD PLAYER, DESIGNED TO BE FITTED TO THE DASHBOARD OF A CAR.



MUSSOORIE, INDIA. IN THE FOOTHILLS TOWN WHERE THE DALAI LAMA IS IN VOLUNTARY EXILE FROM TIBET: ON THE BACKS OF PORTERS TWO YOUNG INDIAN GIRLS ARE CARRIED IN CHAIRS, WHICH ARE POPULAR TOURIST FEATURES OF THE TOWN.



CANBERRA, AUSTRALIA. A SELF-SUPPORTING SHIELD-LIKE DOME, ENTIRELY WITHOUT PAINT: THE NEWLY-OPENED HEADQUARTERS BUILDING OF THE AUSTRALIAN ACADEMY OF SCIENCE. The latest of the increasingly popular dome-shaped buildings to be opened is the headquarters of the Australian Academy of Science, at Canberra. Covering 24,175 sq. ft., it includes a central conference chamber for 150 people, reception rooms, offices and an exhibition gallery. Its shape is aimed to blend with the rounded hills near the city.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



THE RIFT VALLEY, KENYA. A NEW TYPE OF RAIN-MAKING ROCKET, ITALIAN MADE, TESTED NEAR NAIROBI. THIS TYPE IS SELF-DESTROYING AND CAN BE USED SAFELY ANYWHERE.



COLORADO, U.S.A. WHAT CAN—BUT USUALLY DOESN'T—HAPPEN TO A PARKED CAR. THE DRIVER OF THIS CAR WAS UNHURT THOUGH STARTLED WHEN PARKING ON A ROAD NEAR CENTRAL CITY, WHICH SUDDENLY SUBSIDED INTO A 10-FT. SHAFT.



GENOA, ITALY. A STRIKING MEMORIAL TO ITALIAN SOLDIERS WHO DIED IN RUSSIA, TO BE ERECTED IN THE CAMPO SANTO. SCULPTOR, LORENZO GARAVENTA; ARCHITECT, GIACOMO VIALE.



MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A. A VIVID REMINDER TO MOTORISTS: CHILDREN LIE DOWN WITH THEIR BICYCLES IN A BOSTON ROAD. THERE WERE NO FEWER THAN 1337 CAR-BICYCLE ACCIDENTS IN THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS IN THE YEAR 1958.



ROME, ITALY. WORKMEN CLEARING THE FOSSIL REMAINS OF A PREHISTORIC ELEPHANT, DISCOVERED AT RIANO ROMANO, DURING THE MAKING OF A NEW ROAD. In our issue of February 28, we reported the discovery of fossil remains of elephant (probably *Elephas antiquus*) in both Madrid and Rome. Yet another fossil has been found near Rome, this apparently being a young animal, with tusks about 4½ ft. long.



MARYLAND, U.S.A. SUSTAINED BY WARM AIR PRESSURE ONLY: A GROUP OF "PENTADOMES"—VINYL-COATED NYLON TENTS—AT AN ARMED FORCES DAY DEMONSTRATION. Like the "balloon house" described in our issue of April 11, these "pentadomes," lightweight shelters, are kept up simply by the pressure of air blown in by an electric fan. The air in this case is said to be heated.



BREMERHAVEN, WEST GERMANY. "THE WORLD'S BIGGEST BUNDLE OF FIREWOOD"—OR, MORE ACCURATELY, A FENDER OF BRUSHWOOD, TO BE USED TO PROTECT THE COLUMBUS QUAY AT BREMERHAVEN WHERE TRANSATLANTIC LINERS DOCK.





AN ENGLISH PRINCESS IN PERUVIAN COSTUME : PRINCESS ALEXANDRA WEARING THE TRADITIONAL DRESS OF CUZCO.

During their tour of Mexico, Peru and Chile, which took place in February and March, the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra were to have paid a visit to the ancient Inca city of Cuzco, famous for its strange mixture of Inca and Spanish colonial buildings. Unfortunately, they had to cancel their visit because of a threatened railway strike in the area. Instead, the Mayor of Cuzco flew to Lima, the Peruvian capital, where the Royal visitors were staying, and presented the Duchess with a large carved silver mace and the Princess with a set of hand-embroidered robes as worn by the princesses of the ancient Inca court. The dress which Princess Alexandra

is wearing—the national folk costume worn to-day by the Indians in the valleys around Cuzco—is descended from the traditional Inca costume, and is most probably woven from pure Alpaca wool, the most valuable material. The diamond pattern round the lower part of the skirt is typical of the Inca tradition of striking design repeated in different colours. Princess Alexandra's hat, however, is of the Spanish colonial period. Such colourful costumes were very popular among the colonial nobility of Inca descent, and were generally worn until the eighteenth century. The older families kept up the tradition.





THE MYSTERY OF ONE OF THE LARGEST BLOCKS OF LAPIS LAZULI EVER DISCOVERED: A HUGE STONE WHICH WAS FOUND IN AN INCA GRAVE IN PERU, 600 MILES AWAY FROM THE NEAREST DEPOSITS.

The origin of this remarkable 312-lb. block, 2 ft. high and 14 ins. wide, and now on view at the Chicago Natural History Museum, has yet to be explained. No stones of this quality have ever been found in Peru, and since the nearest deposits lie 600 miles to the south, in Chile, it is difficult to explain how this immense block could have been transported this great distance across rugged country. The fact that no stone comparable in size or quality has been found in Chile suggests that the stone was mined in some remote part of the Peruvian mountains undiscovered by the Spanish invaders. The significance of the stone as a grave object is also difficult

to explain. Since lapis lazuli was in ancient times thought to cure illness and ward off evil, it is possible that the present stone was interred for religious reasons. It is possible, also, that the stone's beautiful colour attracted the owner, who ordered it to be buried with him, together with other possessions. Lapis lazuli consists chiefly of a blue mineral known as hauynite or lazurite, which gives it its striking colour. It is found in great quantities in few places, its oldest and most famous source being in Badakshan, near the Oxus River, in north-east Afghanistan, where it has been mined over 5000 years. (From a colour photograph by the Chicago Natural History Museum.)



## A FRENCHMAN LOOKS AT MEXICO.

"MEXICO: THREE-STOREYED LAND." By A. t'SERSTEVENS.\*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

FOR a variety of reasons Mexico is not as well known in Great Britain as most of the other former Spanish possessions in the New World, and on that score alone an informative book like the present one, with admirable illustrations, is to be welcomed. The author has added his subtitle in reference to the three zones—hot, temperate, and cold—into which the country is divided, but his divisions might as well relate to the three sections of the population, namely, the inhabitants of the cosmopolitan capital, the descendants of the Spanish conquerors who are scattered all over the republic, and the Indians: from whatever point of view it is regarded, Mexico is divided into three parts.

We are told that "the development of a peculiar Mexican civilisation has been held up by incessant civil wars and by frequent changes of régime," and this is indeed true, but there is

there is a school of thought which will hear nothing good about régimes that have gone, however important a part they may have played in the annals of Ireland. In respect of Mexico, the author rightly states that "whether they like it or not, in culture, in religion, in language, and in way of life the Mexicans remain the children of that Spanish civilisation whose very existence they think themselves in duty bound to ignore."

The practical result of this attitude of mind has been the neglect of ancient monuments dating from the colonial period, and of this we are given innumerable instances in all parts of the country. The modern Mexican is, indeed, an excellent example of what Mark Pattison had in mind when he wrote that "a man who does not know what has been thought by those who have gone before him is sure to set an undue value upon his own ideas": to what extent Positivism has gained a footing in Mexico compared, say, with its conquests in Brazil, I would not like to speculate, but among the rulers of the country there is clearly a good deal of support for Comte's views that mankind drags a lengthening chain under the gathered weight of a dead hand.

However this may be, M. t'Serstevens refuses to indulge in any sentimentality where the pre-Columbian period is concerned:

Furthermore, the Aztec religion—which was that attacked by the first missionaries—was certainly one that must be reckoned among the most revolting and bloody among any of which we have any knowledge. It is well enough known that the principal rite was human sacrifice in which the victim's heart was ripped out of his living body and his blood splashed upon the idols, the walls and the pavement of the sanctuary.

... At the consecration of the great *teocalli* or pyramid of Mexico in 1487, 20,000 prisoners had their hearts ripped out—and this information we owe to an Indian, Tezomozoc. Sahagún—who cannot be accused of prejudice against the Aztecs—and his contemporaries describe how the entrance to the temple

was bristling with masts joined to each other by cords or poles on to which, like beads on a string, were fixed the skulls of the victims—and there were also piles of skulls within the temple precincts.

... At a conservative estimate the rites of the Aztec religion must have demanded the slaughter of 150,000 men each year.

The author is clearly so revolted by such bloody-minded people and their unpleasant habits that he says as little about them as possible, which is in some ways a pity, for one would like to have had his views on the theory that the progenitors of the Aztecs were Welshmen who left their country towards the end of the twelfth century, though, personally, I have always thought it more than a little unfair to the Welsh to suggest that they should have degenerated so rapidly from the state of God-fearing Christians at home to that of homicidal savages when transplanted to the New World.

Mexico is a land of violent contrasts to a greater extent than Spain herself or most of its neighbours. We are shown in these pages a people deeply religious to the verge of superstition, and the author makes little or no mention of any widespread anti-clericalism, yet he writes of a land where the monasteries no longer fulfil their original purpose, even where they are not actually falling into ruins, and where the wearing of any sort of ecclesiastical costume out of doors is

strictly forbidden; all the same, he tells us that "even though the priests may be dressed in civilian clothes they are still treated with deference." Nor is this all, for the monks somehow contrive to remain, and one of the secular clergy told M. t'Serstevens, "We are as nothing compared with those all-powerful monks." One would have liked to have had a little more about this seemingly paradoxical state of affairs.

What makes the author such an excellent guide is his deep knowledge of that Spanish civilisation to which the Mexicans owe so much: in this connection he early issues a note of warning:

For anyone who does not know the real Spain of the Old World—and that is the case of most of the American tourists who flock to Mexico—the monuments of the country may seem to be incomparable masterpieces, especially as such tourists have nothing at all at home that can be compared with what they



A VIEW OF AVENIDA JUAREZ IN MEXICO CITY, THE CAPITAL OF THE COUNTRY WHICH IS THE SUBJECT OF THE BOOK REVIEWED BY SIR CHARLES PETRIE ON THIS PAGE.

more to it than that, for there has also been, ever since the separation from Spain, a remarkable lack of leadership. At one time the name of Porfirio Díaz would have been cited as an exception, but, remarkable man that he was, in retrospect it would seem that his chief contribution to the history of his country was to sit on the safety-valve so long as to ensure that reform could only come by way of revolution. If the Creole landowners had possessed any of the qualities of an aristocracy they could have made themselves masters of Mexico once the authority of the Spanish crown had been overthrown: unhappily they proved to be merely a class of persons with charming manners who, at their best, were amiable and admirable in their family relations, while at their worst they were debauched and addicted to gambling to the verge of insanity. There was no other institution in Mexico except the Church; that also was divided and incapable of providing any effective leadership. In effect, the fall of the Spanish power created a vacuum which has never been satisfactorily filled until the present time—if it is filled now.

One consequence of this has been that the Mexican has tended to hail every revolution as a "new dawn," and to regard what went before as a nightmare to be obliterated from memory as soon as possible. Irishmen will see a parallel in the history of their own country, where, too,



OCCUPIED BY MEMBERS OF MOUNTAIN TRIBES: THE MARKET AT SAN CRISTOBAL, ONE OF THE MOST FASCINATING IN MEXICO, AT WHICH ARE SOLD A NUMBER OF MARVELLOUS EXAMPLES OF POPULAR CRAFTSMANSHIP.

These illustrations from the book "Mexico: Three-Storeyed Land" are reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson and Company.

see in Mexico. If, however, you have travelled all over Spain and if you have, so to speak, steeped yourself in Spanish art, the situation is rather different. Mexico has, of course, nothing to be put on the same plane as the cathedrals of the Castiles, of Galicia and of Andalusia, and the reason for this state of things is quite simple to understand, both from the chronological and the psychological point of view.

Not that the author is in any sense a hostile critic—far from it—except where food is concerned, and any Frenchman in the circumstances might be pardoned for writing, "If a journey in Spain is an alimentary penitence, a stay in Mexico is one long purgatory, or, perhaps, considering the fiery nature of the cuisine, a descent into hell." He has a very real affection for the Mexican people, and in this book he conveys it to the reader. He is also by no means pessimistic about the country's future, and, as we have seen, he rightly says that in the past the development of Mexico has been retarded by internal political divisions; if these can be reduced to a minimum in the days that lie ahead all should be well: but it is clearly his opinion that the rulers of Mexico to-day should heed the advice of Sir Walter Raleigh—"The councils to which Time is not called, Time will not ratify."

\* "Mexico: Three-Storeyed Land." By A. t'Serstevens. Translated from the French by Alan Houghton Brodrick. Illustrated. (Hutchinson; £1 15s.)



# SOME OUTSTANDING FRENCH PAINTINGS FROM THE RECORD SALE AT SOTHEBY'S.



SOLD FOR £9,500: "PAYSAGE AUX ENVIRONS DE ROUEN," BY GAUGUIN; A PARTICULARLY EARLY WORK, DATED 1884. (Oil on canvas: 22 by 33½ ins.)



SOLD FOR £22,000: "TROIS DANSEUSES A LA CLASSE DE DANSE," BY DEGAS, WHICH REALISED THE THIRD HIGHEST PRICE IN THE SALE. (Oil on board: 20 by 24½ ins.)



SOLD FOR £10,500: "SOLEIL COUCHANT A MORET," BY CAMILLE PISSARRO: A DELICATE LANDSCAPE, SIGNED AND DATED 1901. (Oil on canvas: 21 by 25½ ins.)



SOLD FOR £11,500: "THE JUNCTION OF THE LOING AND SEINE," BY SISLEY: ONE OF EIGHT WORKS WHICH FETCHED OVER £10,000. (Oil on canvas: 19½ by 25 ins.)

AS remarkable as the highest prices paid at Sotheby's on May 6 (see opposite page) was the £17,000 for a small still-life by Cézanne, "L'Assiette Bleue." It seems high not merely because of the small size of the picture, but because of two very noticeable scratches which run down the surface of the canvas. Another surprisingly high price was £12,000 paid for an early landscape by Pissarro, "Le Village à Travers les Arbres," painted



SOLD FOR £15,000: "COMPOTIER ET POIRES," BY BRAQUE, SIGNED AND DATED 1930: A POWERFUL STUDY BY THE GREAT FRENCH CUBIST, AND THE MOST RECENTLY-PAINTED WORK TO FETCH OVER £10,000. (Oil on canvas: 14½ by 21½ ins.)

in 1868 when the artist was thirty-eight, and six years before the first Impressionist exhibition. A much later Pissarro, "Soleil Couchant à Moret," signed and dated 1901, only two years before the artist died, fetched £10,500; while a fine windswept river-scene by Sisley, signed but undated, was sold for £11,500. Among other interesting works of the Impressionist period, a large early Monet, "La Seine en Automne," fetched £7,500, which was perhaps rather less than might have been expected. Similarly, an early Gauguin landscape, painted only a year after the artist had given up his work as a broker, failed to reach the £10,000 mark, the hammer falling at a mere £9,500. Another arresting work was Redon's "Ophélie," which fetched £7,500—a timely appearance, since it coincided with the opening of the Redon exhibition at the Matthiesen Gallery. A pleasing water-colour by Cézanne, "Route Tournant," made £5,500, and Renoir's "Nature Morte," £4,000.



SOLD FOR £12,000: "LE VILLAGE A TRAVERS LES ARBRES," BY CAMILLE PISSARRO: PAINTED IN 1868, AND AN EXCEPTIONALLY EARLY WORK FOR SUCH A PRICE. (Oil on canvas: 21½ by 17½ ins.)



## AUCTION RECORDS BROKEN IN LONDON: A PICASSO SOLD FOR £55,000.



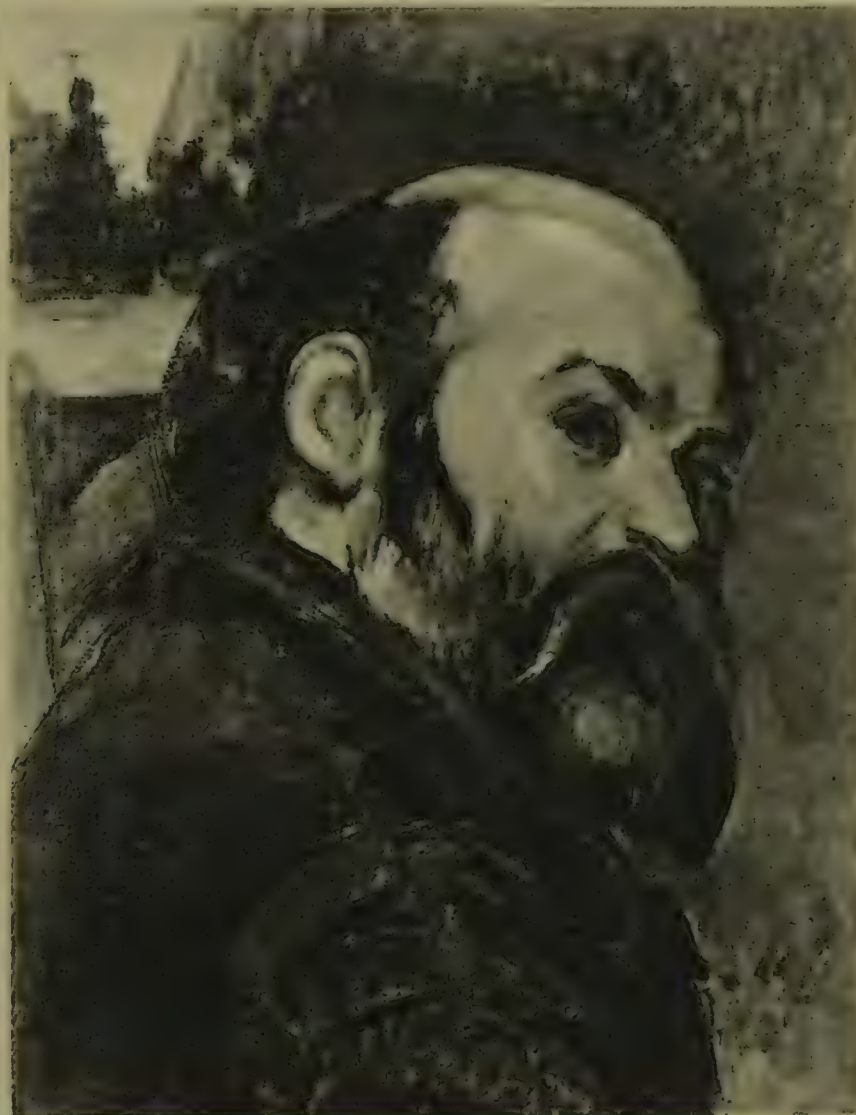
SOLD FOR £55,000: "LA BELLE HOLLANDAISE," BY PICASSO, DATED 1905: THE HIGHEST PRICE EVER PAID AT AN AUCTION FOR THE WORK OF A LIVING ARTIST.  
(Chalk, gouache and oil on board: 30½ by 26½ ins.)



SOLD FOR £7500: "OPHELIE," BY REDON: THE PREVIOUS OWNER HAD PURCHASED THE PAINTING FROM THE ARTIST IN 1906. (Oil on board: 22½ by 19 ins.)



SOLD FOR £17,000: "L'ASSIETTE BLEUE," BY CEZANNE: A SMALL STILL-LIFE WHICH FETCHED A REMARKABLY HIGH PRICE. (Oil on canvas: 10½ by 8½ ins.)



SOLD FOR £32,000: "PORTRAIT DE L'ARTISTE PAR LUI-MEME," BY CEZANNE: A MAGNIFICENT PAINTING WHICH REALISED THE SECOND HIGHEST PRICE. (Oil on canvas: 13 by 10 ins.)

At the important sale of Impressionist and Modern paintings held at Sotheby's on May 6, an early Picasso nude, the property of an Australian sheep station owner, Major H. de Vahl Rubin, was sold to the Queensland Art Gallery for £55,000, the highest price ever paid in an auction room for the work of a living artist. Prior to this the record had been held by another Picasso, a Mother and Child, which was sold last November in New York for \$54,000. This was not the only record set up, for the total sum realised—£394,113—

was the largest total ever achieved in a sale of mixed property at Sotheby's. Almost as remarkable a figure as that paid for the Picasso was the £32,000 for a much smaller painting, a striking self-portrait by Cézanne, which was purchased by Dr. F. Nathan, of Zurich. The third highest price was £22,000, for an exceptionally beautiful study of three dancers by Degas. As in the case of the large Picasso, the owner of the Degas was Major Rubin and the buyer the Queensland Art Gallery, whose total purchases were over £90,000.



## A PHŒNICIAN SANCTUARY IN THE PLAIN OF SHARON: FERTILITY WORSHIP IN THE PALESTINE OF 2500-2400 YEARS AGO.

By N. AVIGAD, M.A., Ph.D., The Hebrew University of Jerusalem.

DR. AVIGAD, who directed the excavations, is well known for his work in the Beth Shearim necropolis, about which he wrote in our issue of January 7, 1956. The excavations about which he now writes were conducted on behalf of the Museum Haaretz, Tel Aviv (which was represented by Mr. A. Kindler), and the Department of Archaeology, Hebrew University, Jerusalem, with funds contributed by Dr. K. A. Moosberg, Tel Aviv. The photographs are by J. S. SCHWEIG.

OVERLOOKING the wide and barren sand-dunes of the coast of the Plain of Sharon near Herzliya rises a lofty artificial mound about 90 ft. high, commonly known as Tell Makmish. The identity of this tell is uncertain, and its ancient name has still to be sought in ancient records. But the surface of the tell is strewn with potsherds in great quantities, especially in the layers exposed by wind and weather on the steep slope facing the sea, and an examination of these reveals that the site had a long and uninterrupted history from the Early Bronze Age to Hellenistic times. In the Persian period this settlement seems to have prospered. It was then apparently occupied by a Phœnician colony—one of those mercantile colonies which the seafaring Phœnician traders established along the coast of Palestine to ensure their flourishing sea-trade, as recorded by the Greek historians Herodotus and Pseudo-Scylax.

One is reminded of the famous epitaph engraved on the coffin of the Sidonian King Eshmun'azar (4th century B.C.), found at Sidon, wherein, *inter alia*, the deceased recounts his achievements, saying:

Furthermore, the Lord of the Kings gave us Dor (modern Tantura) and Yafe (Jaffa), the mighty lands of Dagon, which are in the Plain of Sharon, in accordance with the important deeds which I did. And we added them to the borders of the country, so that they would belong to the Sidonians forever.

As has already been observed, our Tell Makmish is situated in the Plain of Sharon between Dor and Jaffa (*i.e.*, Tel Aviv), closer to the latter.

The Phœnicians who settled at Tell Makmish brought with them their own way of life and religious beliefs. They naturally continued to perform their accustomed rites as in their original homeland. They erected a sanctuary, not within the borders of their town but on a small hillock situated about 450 yards to the north-east, near the southern bank of a rivulet now known as Wadi Gharbi. The reason why the new settlers chose this remote place, with no apparent topographical advantages, seems to have been a local tradition that the spot was an ancient place of worship. Some visible remains of an early structure lent support to the tradition. One of the most popular cults practised by the Phœnicians was the fertility cult, and the Makmish sanctuary, too, was dedicated to this cult. In performing their ritual ceremonies, the Phœnicians of Makmish dedicated to their deity votive figurines of kinds quite unfamiliar in this country. It was some of these very figurines that led to the recent discovery of the sanctuary, as a result of which the above story could be reconstructed.

Until recently there was no sign of ancient remains on the small hillock covered with dunes and bushes. The attention of archaeologists was drawn to this barren spot by accidental discoveries of clay and stone figurines. They made their first, scanty appearance in trenches dug in the course of military manoeuvres, after which the site became for some time a happy hunting-ground for

clandestine diggers. Ultimately, the Museum Haaretz, of Tel Aviv, and the Department of Archaeology of the Hebrew University, Jerusalem, decided to investigate the site by means of systematic excavation.

When work started in October 1958, it became clear to the excavators that the illicit diggers had had the good fortune to make a direct hit: they had dug a pit right into what was apparently the



FIG. 1. THE COURTYARD OF THE PHŒNICIAN SANCTUARY OF THE 5TH-4TH CENTURIES B.C., FOUND NEAR HERZLIYA, ISRAEL. In this view the principal installations can be seen. In the foreground, the raised libation basin; above and left, a drain; beyond, a sunken libation basin and a raised rectangular altar. On the left, the stone foundations on which the sun-dried brick walls were built.

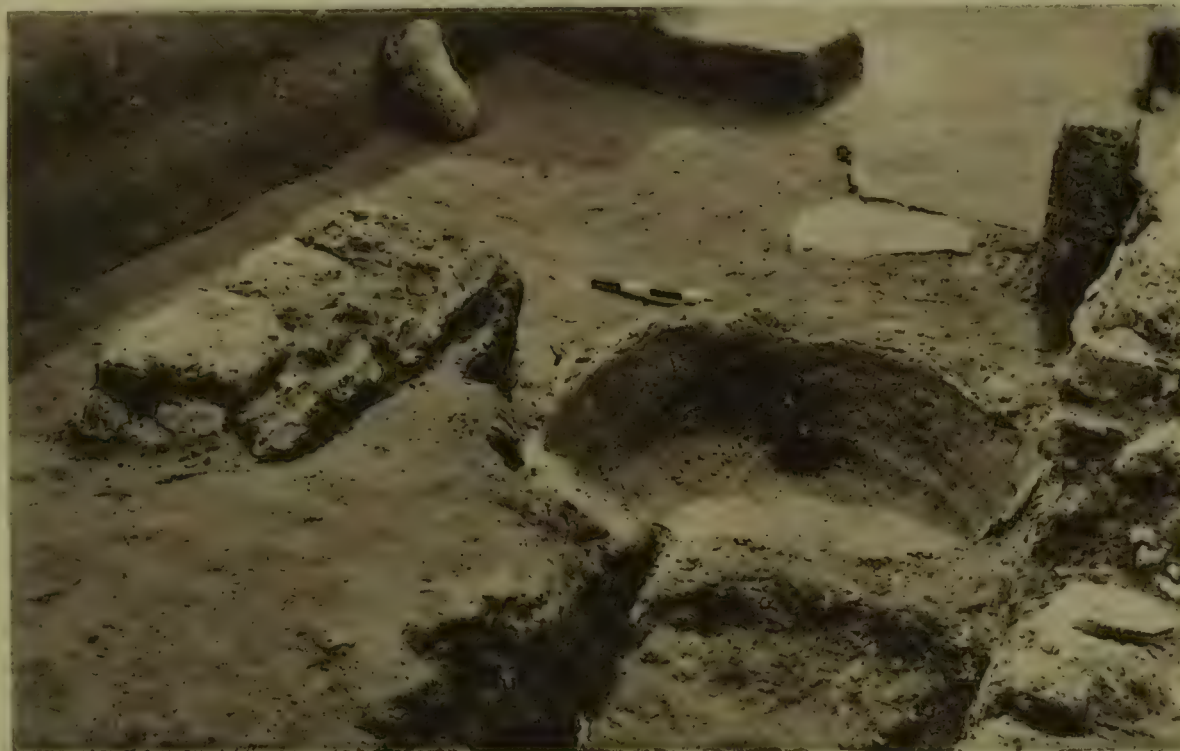


FIG. 2. A CLOSE-UP OF PART OF THE COURTYARD, SHOWING THE SUNKEN LIBATION BASIN AND THE RECTANGULAR ALTAR BESIDE IT.

treasure-room of the sanctuary, the place where most of the figurines and other valuables were stored. Luckily, part of it was left untouched, and the rest of the area covering the sanctuary proper remained undisturbed. The excavators were thus able to carry out a stratified dig and succeeded in obtaining the necessary data for the reconstruction of the history of the site. They were able also to establish the character of the building and the significance of the figurines related to it.

The site was first occupied about the 10th century B.C., when a brick structure was erected resting on natural sand. We did not succeed in

establishing the nature or the extent of the structure, since we reached this early occupation-level only in a few narrow trial-pits. Early Israelite potsherds found in this level indicate that this early occupation lasted until about 800 B.C., when the place was deserted for several hundred years.

During the Persian period (5th to 4th centuries B.C.) the site was reoccupied by Phœnician settlers of neighbouring Tell Makmish, who built a sanctuary of stone and sun-dried brick. As a result of our excavations the remnants of this building were uncovered (Figs. 1 and 2). It was 45 ft. long and consisted of a main hall and a small annexe, which served as the treasure-room or holy of holies of the sanctuary. Various installations found in the courtyard: two round plastered basins, one sunk in the floor and another built above it, an open drain and a rectangular structure, which must be interpreted as an altar—all these were apparently connected with the ritual ceremonies, which used to be performed in the open. A round moulded base of basalt, which was not found *in situ*, may have served as a base for some cult object, as there were no columns in this building. The lower courses of the sanctuary were built of stone, and the upper part of sun-dried brick.

Several small incense altars (Fig. 15) of limestone were found, a set of beads of semi-precious stones, and other small objects, but the spectacular find of the site was quite a large number of votive figurines made of clay and limestone. The most popular types of figurine represent pregnant women (Figs. 5-7) and long-bearded men of patriarchal appearance (Figs. 10-13). Both originate apparently from Phœnicia. The bearded men are of Persian appearance, and some of them wear a high pointed Osiris head-dress (Figs. 12-13). Osiris is the Egyptian god of the Underworld who was associated with fertility. His wife Isis appears in a partly broken statuette of black stone, holding the child Horus on her knees. On the back of the statuette is incised a hieroglyphic inscription which has not yet been deciphered.

In keeping with Canaanite tradition, there are clay figurines showing naked women supporting their breasts with their hands (resembling the well-known Astarte figurines) (Fig. 3), and representations of a woman carrying a child in her arms (Fig. 4). Other votive figurines of limestone are obviously imports from Cyprus. They are of the planked statuette type (Figs. 14, 16 and 17), and are to be assigned to the sub-archaic Cypro-Greek style of the 5th century B.C. Various figurines

showing Persian and Greek influences (Figs. 8 and 9) add greatly to the heterogeneous character of this group. The use of figurines of different styles is typical of the seafaring Phœnicians, who were mediators between various cultures and developed their own hybrid style of art.

Most of these figurines are not to be regarded as works of art. They are mass-produced conventional votive objects, and as such, lack artistic individuality. Nevertheless, some of them are quite original and of a good standard, and as a whole they form an invaluable contribution to our meagre collection of works of plastic art from Palestine of the Persian period. Equally, they contribute to our knowledge of the cult and to

the history of the coastal region of Palestine at a time which has left little internal evidence.

During the Hellenistic period the building was utterly destroyed, and on its ruins an open-air cult-place was erected. It consisted of a platform made of decomposed brick material and rubble obtained from the ruins of the previous building. It was on this platform that the latest type of figurine—some Hellenistic terracottas—was found. Pottery and Ptolemaic coins indicate a 2nd-century B.C. date for the end of this peculiar sanctuary; after that time the site was never occupied again.



## PHŒNICIAN WORSHIP IN THE PLAIN OF SHARON: VOTIVES FROM TELL MAKMISH.



FIGS. 3 TO 7. THREE TYPES OF TERRA-COTTA FIGURINES OF FEMALES FOUND IN THE SANCTUARY. FIG. 3. AN ASTARTE-TYPE FIGURE, PARTLY NAKED AND HOLDING THE BREASTS. FIG. 4. A NURSING MOTHER AND CHILD. FIGS. 5 TO 7. THREE FIGURES OF WOMEN IN ADVANCED PREGNANCY. EGYPTIANISING PHŒNICIAN WORKMANSHIP, PRESUMABLY CHARMS TO AID CHILDBIRTH.



FIGS. 8 AND 9. A MALE HEAD WITH CRENNELLATION ON TOP, AND A MARKED CHIN (OR SHORT BEARD). STRONGLY SEMITIC IN CHARACTER, BUT POSSIBLY OF CYPRIOTE ORIGIN.



FIG. 14. A LIMESTONE STATUETTE WITH A PLANK-SHAPED BODY. THE RIGHT HAND HOLDS THE CHITON, THE LEFT A VOTIVE OFFERING (BROKEN). A TYPE VERY COMMON IN CYPRUS.



FIGS. 10 AND 11. TWO FIGURES OF SEATED BEARDED MEN, FONDLING THEIR BEARDS. FIG. 10 HAS A CYLINDRICAL HEAD-RESS AND RECALLS SOME PERSIAN PROTOTYPES. PERHAPS REPRESENTING HIGH PRIESTS.



FIG. 15. A SMALL INCENSE ALTAR OF LIMESTONE, WITH A LION AS A SUPPORTER ON THE LEFT. A, PRESUMABLY, SIMILAR SUPPORTER ON THE RIGHT HAS BEEN LOST.



FIGS. 12 AND 13. A SIMILAR BEARDED HEAD, BUT MORE ELABORATE, WITH SWEEPING MOUSTACHE AND TWO FEATHERS FLANKING THE TIARA AS IN AN OSIRIS HEAD-RESS.



FIGS. 16 AND 17. LIMESTONE HEADS. FIG. 16 IS MALE AND CROWNED WITH MYRTLE. FIG. 17 (SEE ALSO FIG. 14) WEARS A HEAVY CROWN. BOTH ARE TYPICALLY SUB-ARCHAIC CYPRO-GREEK OF THE 5TH CENTURY B.C.

THE votives found in this Phœnician sanctuary are, as Dr. Avigad says, "mass-produced conventional votive objects and, as such, lack artistic individuality. Nevertheless . . . they form an invaluable contribution to our meagre collection of works of art from Palestine of the Persian period." They fall into two groups, male and female. The female, either Astarte maidens, nursing mothers or pregnant women, are what one would expect in a fertility cult; but who is the bearded man? A high priest? Or Osiris? The latter is more probable. The Phœnicians picked up influences from many places, and there are several Egyptian hints in these statuettes, which include a broken black statuette (not reproduced) of Isis (the wife of Osiris) with the child Horus on her knees. There are, of course, other influences, Cypriote and Persian, visible; and Fig. 12 recalls the magnificently-moustached statues of Hatra.



## THE ROYAL GALA; AND OTHER HIGHLIGHTS OF THE SHAH'S VISIT.



THE ARRIVAL AT VICTORIA STATION: THE QUEEN GREETES HER GUEST, THE SHAHANSHAH OF PERSIA, WITH PRINCE PHILIP, THE PREMIER AND MEMBERS OF THE GOVERNMENT NEARBY.



AFTER THE STATE DRIVE FROM VICTORIA: THE SHAH HELPS HER MAJESTY FROM THE OPEN CARRIAGE, ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON MAY 5.



ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE FIRST DAY OF HIS VISIT: THE SHAHANSHAH OF PERSIA (LEFT) LAYING A WREATH OF TULIPS AND CARNATIONS ON THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR'S GRAVE.

On May 7, the Shah visited the Atomic Research Establishment at Harwell and during that visit saw the Dido reactor; and in the afternoon saw round Bracknell New Town. In the evening he was accompanied by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, and was entertained by her Majesty's Government at a gala performance of ballet at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. A huge crowd had gathered outside the Opera House to see the arrival of the Royal party, who were received in the foyer by the Foreign Secretary, Lord Drogheda and Mr. David Webster. A Royal Box had been built in the



AT THE ROYAL GALA, AT COVENT GARDEN: THE PARTY IN THE ROYAL BOX. (FRONT ROW, L. TO R.) THE QUEEN MOTHER, THE SHAHANSHAH, H.M. THE QUEEN, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND PRINCESS MARGARET. THE DOMINANT COLOURS OF THE BOX WERE PINK AND ORANGE.



THE SHAH AS HOST: WITH THE QUEEN WHEN SHE ARRIVED AT THE PERSIAN EMBASSY ON MAY 6 FOR DINNER. BEHIND HER CAN BE SEEN PRINCE PHILIP.

centre of the grand tier and decorated in pink, orange and gold, while over the box were the images of two brilliant peacocks. In the Royal Box, with the Shah, the Queen and Prince Philip were Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Kent, Princess Alexandra, the Prime Minister and Lady Dorothy Macmillan, and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd. The programme consisted of a ballet new to Covent Garden, "Les Rendezvous," and excerpts from "Coppelia" and "Cinderella," the accent being on *divertissements*.





LUNCHEON AT GUILDHALL: THE SHAH WITH (L. TO R.) THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, DR. FISHER, THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, THE LADY MAYORESS AND THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

## THE SHAH OF PERSIA'S STATE VISIT: GUILDHALL AND A DAY OF PAGEANTRY.



AMONG ROBED ALDERMEN AND MEMBERS OF THE COURT OF COMMON COUNCIL: THE SHAH OF PERSIA RECEIVING A SILVER CASKET WHICH CONTAINED AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME. ON HIS LEFT IS THE LORD MAYOR, SIR HAROLD GILLETT.



DRIVING IN STATE ALONG FLEET STREET FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE SHAH OF PERSIA, WITH AN ESCORT OF HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY, ON HIS WAY TO GUILDHALL ON MAY 6.

On the second day of his State visit to London, the Shah of Persia drove in an open carriage from Buckingham Palace to Guildhall, where a luncheon was held in his honour. In fine spring weather, crowds lined the route to cheer the visiting monarch as the procession passed on its way to the City. At Guildhall the Shah was received by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and greeted with traditional City pageantry. Aldermen were robed in scarlet,

and members of the Court of Common Council in blue gowns trimmed with stone marten. The Shah himself wore a resplendent uniform with a light blue sash. Proposing a toast, the Lord Mayor referred to the head of the Persian god Mithras, discovered in London, which he said proved the existence of Persian influence in London nearly nineteen centuries ago. The Shah replied in fluent English, emphasising the bonds that linked the two countries.





THE PAGEANTRY OF A ROYAL VISIT: THE SHAHANSHAH OF IRAN, RIDING WITH THE QUEEN AND PRINCE PHILIP IN THE STATE COACH, ARRIVES AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

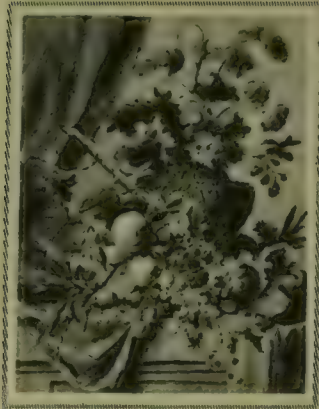
His Imperial Majesty, the Shahanshah of Iran, was welcomed by the Queen, Prince Philip and by other members of the Royal Family when he arrived at Victoria Station on May 5 for his three-day State visit. Wearing a dark blue uniform and the Royal Victoria chain—presented to him on his visit to England in 1948—the Shah stepped from the Royal train on to a platform transformed

by a wonderful display of flowers representing the Persian national colours. At the time of the arrival—12.30 p.m.—two Royal Salutes of forty-one guns were fired at the Tower of London and at Hyde Park. After the Shah had saluted the Queen and greeted the other members of the Royal Family, he was introduced to the Cabinet Ministers. Outside the station, the Shah inspected

a guard of honour of the 1st Battalion, Grenadier Guards. In bright sunlight and under clear blue skies the Royal procession began its journey to Buckingham Palace. The route was lined by detachments from the three services and six bands played the Persian National Anthem as the Royal carriage passed. The Mall and Whitehall were particularly colourful—with their rows of banners

flying in the spring breeze—and the glittering of the breastplates of the Sovereign's Escort of the Household Cavalry in the sunshine added greatly to the brilliance of the spectacle. After luncheon at the Palace, the Shah took tea with the Queen Mother at Clarence House and later laid a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Warrior at Westminster Abbey.





variety "Clara Meyer." As dessert fruits they were not exactly in the first class. The flavour was pretty good, but they lacked the reckless juiciness of a "Duke of York."

Nevertheless, we ate them and enjoyed them well enough, and found them, at any rate, better than no peaches at all. Having eaten them, and being a confirmed "pip-planter," I sowed the stones in a large pot, and eventually planted out four of them in specially prepared circular beds, in lawn, in single-file ahead, along a path-side near my house. There they prospered well, and within a few years, four or five, they began to blossom and to produce crops of fruit—peaches which were exactly like the parents which had produced them.

Those peach trees are in full blossom just now, late April, and are a truly beautiful sight, every branch and twig crowded with the double blossoms, in the pure clean pink of almond blossom, and lasting, of course, much longer than the single flowers of almond. Their beauty is greatly enhanced by the circular beds in which they grow being planted with a mass of the lovely *Anemone appenina*, whose strong shining lavender-blue contrasts most beautifully with the rosy peach blossom. In the background some yards away there is a large colony of the blue anemone which extends the colourful picture very effectively.

I can not claim that my double-flowered peach trees carry crops of fruit regularly, every year. All depends upon the weather at flowering time. In some seasons a late-frosty spell will destroy the business parts of the flowers, and I rather think that the fruit-setting is sometimes prevented by days too cold for bees to get busy gathering nectar and distributing pollen. However, peachless summers are relatively few, and the trees are well worth growing for the beauty of their blossom alone.

Some years ago a correspondent wrote to me from New Zealand, telling of the virtues of what he described as the black peach, and later he very kindly sent me a few of these fruits, of which I had never heard before. It was impossible to judge what these peaches either looked like or tasted like. They arrived, paddling in their own juicy mush. However, the stones were promptly sown, and a sturdy 6-ft.

## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

### DOUBLE-FLOWERED PEACH, AND OTHER MATTERS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

specimen of the black peach now stands in line with my seedling doubles, and is at this time in blossom. Alas, it is one of those varieties which have depressingly insignificant flowers. What a "black" peach looks like I have no idea, and can only imagine that the flesh is deep crimson, rather on the lines of a blood orange.

Peach trees raised from stones taken from peaches of fine dessert quality produce, eventually, peaches of as good quality as their parents far more often than is generally supposed. I have heard folk, with the reputation of being fruit

peach trees which produced abundant crops of first-rate quality.

But now then; the question arises, what should one do at a formal dinner-party, if one enjoys a supremely good peach. What is the best technique for getting away with the stone for pip-planting purposes? Perhaps the best way would be to boldly flatter your host or hostess by asking permission to carry off the stone—for planting—of the best peach you ever ate, as a souvenir of one of the most delightful dinners you ever enjoyed. Can you not imagine the butler, bringing to you during the coffee—and what goes with it—your precious peach stone, wrapped in a fair white napkin, and served on a silver salver?

Which reminds me of a legend telling of how the Monkey Puzzle Tree, *Araucaria imbricata*, came to be introduced to this country. A British naval officer was dining ashore at one of the south Chilean ports. With the dessert—or the port wine—he greatly enjoyed some nuts which were new to him. So good were they, that he quietly pocketed a few, which eventually, when sown at home, produced the now familiar Monkey Puzzle trees. A pretty story. But I don't believe it. The big almond-like seeds are *not* eaten raw. In the raw state

they are not unlike raw broad beans. I know, because I tried them when in south Chile. But cooked they are delicious.

This story reminds me of another which I sometimes tell. It was in California where I was on a plant-collecting expedition twenty-odd years ago. My wife and I stopped for lunch at a strangely primitive settlement which had been for a brief period, some years earlier, a gold-rush town. We ate, among other things, some uncouth-looking tomatoes, of most rugged outline. But despite their looks they were the finest-flavoured tomatoes I had eaten since early childhood—when tomatoes really did taste of tomato. It was not until we had eaten the last—the last in the restaurant—that it occurred to me that I ought to have saved some of the seeds to take home to England. Not to be beaten I got the waitress to go round to all the other tables with a saucer and a toothpick, and collect seeds from the other customers. They were most generous and co-operative, and I got no fewer than seventeen-and-a-half seeds. My wife says that this story is not absolutely true, and I am not to tell it. But I have, and it is almost true.



"EVERY BRANCH AND TWIG CROWDED WITH THE DOUBLE BLOSSOMS, IN THE PURE CLEAN PINK OF ALMOND BLOSSOM": THE DOUBLE PEACH "CLARA MEYER," WHICH SOMEWHAT SURPRISINGLY PRODUCES DESSERT FRUIT OF "PRETTY GOOD" FLAVOUR. (Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.)

experts, declare that not one in a thousand peach trees raised in that way will bear worthwhile peaches. Yet I have never yet met a peach tree with that background which bore bad peaches, whilst on the other hand I have met a great many stone-raised

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# THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XXX. HIGHGATE SCHOOL.



A VIEW SHOWING PART OF BIG SCHOOL (LEFT), THE NOTABLE SCIENCE BLOCK (CENTRE), OPENED IN 1928, AND PART OF DYNE HOUSE (RIGHT).

Highgate School is situated on the summit of Highgate Hill in surroundings which are almost rural, although not far from the centre of London. Nearby are the open spaces of Hampstead Heath, and Kenwood House with its fine estate. The school was founded in 1565, but by 1838—the year in which Dr. Dyne was appointed Headmaster—its fortunes were at a low ebb. In his long headmastership, continuing until 1874, Dr. Dyne transformed the school and is regarded as the second founder. Dyne House,

seen opposite Big School in the drawing, housed the Junior School up to 1938, afterwards becoming the centre for the school's musical activity. The Science block was built under the inspiration of Dr. Johnston, Headmaster from 1908 to 1936, and was opened in 1928, and it was during Dr. Johnston's headmastership that Highgate School became a pioneer in initiating the teaching of aeronautics. Dr. Dyne and Dr. Johnston between them were also responsible for acquiring the school's playing fields.

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.*



## HIGHGATE SCHOOL: A VIEW OF THE QUADRANGLE, SHOWING THE CHAPEL (LEFT) AND BIG SCHOOL (CENTRE), IN FRONT OF WHICH IS THE SHAKESPEARE STAIRWAY.



The Chapel and Big School were both built during the time of Dr. Dyne, Highgate School's renowned Headmaster of the 19th century, and they are among the oldest of the existing school buildings. The Shakespeare stairway in front of Big School, and also the War Memorial gates at the main entrance to the Quadrangle, were erected after the Second World War and are benefactions

of The Friends of Highgate. (The stairway is named after Sir Geoffrey Shakespeare, an old boy of the school, who was the first chairman of The Friends.) Close to the Chapel is the 1914-18 War Memorial stone cross. Since the last quarter of the 19th century Highgate has been an independent public school. There are now over 900 boys, including seniors and juniors, of whom a

considerable proportion are boarders. The school—one of fourteen major public schools dating from Queen Elizabeth I's reign—was founded by Sir Roger Cholmeley, who had formerly been Lord Chief Justice. Among the school's early benefactors was Sir William Cordell, and it is from his heraldic arms and those of the founder that the school arms are derived. The school also numbered

among its early benefactors Edmund Grindal, who became Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop Sandys, afterwards Archbishop of York. The scope of the work of re-foundation undertaken by Dr. Dyne, who was a Fellow of Wadham College, can be judged from the fact that in the year in which he became Headmaster there were no more than nineteen pupils at Highgate.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.



## HIGHGATE SCHOOL: PLAYING FIELDS AND GARDEN—TWO VIEWS.



THE PLAYING FIELDS, SHOWING (L. TO R.) THE DINING HALL, COMPLETED LAST YEAR, THE SCHOOL HOUSE AND THE JUNIOR SCHOOL.



A PLEASANT SCENE: PART OF THE GARDEN OF DYNE HOUSE, THE CENTRE OF THE SCHOOL'S MUSICAL ACTIVITIES, LOOKING TOWARDS BIG SCHOOL.

Under Dr. Dyne, Highgate School grew in size and importance, continuing to do so under his successor, Dr. McDowall, and later under the Rev. A. E. Allcock, during whose headmastership the central block of classrooms was built. With the arrival of Dr. Johnston as Headmaster greater emphasis was laid on the teaching of applied subjects, and an outstanding event of his headmastership was the opening of the science building, largely his own creation. At the opening ceremony, Dr. Johnston said: "This is no mere traditional home for physics and chemistry. The study of the life sciences, not merely for the future doctor, but for every young boy

in the dawn of his own development, finds a prominent place in these buildings. The budding engineer . . . will study the engines themselves, their principles of action, as well as their construction, and these are not merely the machines that rule the land and water, but, in response to a growing and natural demand, the engines and machines also which have achieved the conquest of the air." Recent improvements at the school have included the building of a gymnasium, a new dining hall and of more science rooms. Highgate's present Headmaster is Mr. A. J. F. Doulton, formerly Head of Classics and a Housemaster at Uppingham.

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.*





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### MAKING FRIENDS WITH WOLVES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

SIX years ago Herbert Crisler was given the task by the Walt Disney Studios of photographing wild life above the Arctic Circle. He and his wife Lois spent eighteen months in tent or plywood hut among the mountains and on the tundra in the extreme north-west corner of Alaska. They went there primarily to film caribou, which they did. In "Arctic Wild" (Secker and Warburg; 25s.) Lois Crisler tells the story of their adventures. She describes vividly the scenery, the climate and the hardships, for beast and man. She pictures the caribou migrating, the birds nesting and the wolverine foraging. Above all, she tells us about the wolves.

Lois Crisler writes:

We were motivated superficially by the desire to photograph the wolves. For us this was premised, of course, on friendship. And we wanted to photograph them in their natural habitat because of the outlook dominating our thinking and even our way of life: we believed that the last frail wonderful webs of wilderness now vanishing from Earth are of some infinite value, a value only sensed and very deep—and liable to perish and be lost in this day. Wilderness without its animals is dead—dead scenery. Animals without scenery are a closed book.

The Crislers adopted two wolf cubs, which they named *Trigger* and *Lady*. The wolves grew up and lived with them: or it might be more correct to say that they lived with the wolves, not only *Trigger* and *Lady*, but five more cubs they adopted, as well as the wild wolves that kept them company at a distance. So their story starts with the migrating caribou but soon becomes dominated by wolves. They got to know wolves as we know our dogs, perhaps better, and in doing so are able to dispel some of the "wolf-myth," ancient and modern.

There will be many who will wish to read this book, and the story it contains will in no way be spoilt for them if I quote widely Lois Crisler's remarks about a wolf's personality.

*Lady* whirled and ran back . . . and as she came she demonstrated what is surely one of the prettiest, most endearing gestures in the world, the wolf "smile." She smiled with her whole body. She

to agree with a remark made by Herbert Crisler and quoted by the author (page 166): "Do people know anything about wild animals except skull measurements! It's only since they've been completely free, here in their own country, that we're beginning to learn much about them—their real selves." "They" refers, of course, to *Trigger* and *Lady*.

It seems also that the Crislers have been able to put into correct perspective another idea that has gained currency in behaviourist circles in recent years:

The smile goes on naturally into the "full wolf greeting." When the wolf tilts head aside, bowing his



WITH A SOFT EXPRESSION OF AFFECTION ON HER FACE, A TAME WOLF GAZES AT A DOG WHICH SHE HAS COME TO IDOLISE. THE AUTHOR DESCRIBES HOW TAME AND FRIENDLY THESE ANIMALS CAN BECOME IF APPROACHED IN THE RIGHT WAY.

shows itself in a number of ways, not least in their efforts to meet their pets on common ground. They discovered, for example, that if a tame wolf is tense and anxious because of unfamiliar surroundings they could make it relax by themselves yawning and stretching the arms. They argued that if a wolf saw its fellows doing this it would assume there was no cause for anxiety. The method seems to have worked like a charm.

On another occasion, when one of the five cubs later adopted was in a state of terror, Herbert Crisler lay with it on his bunk, let down a "tarp" to shut out the light, cuddled it to his naked chest, and went to sleep. The cub also slept, and from then onwards showed no more terror. They also found that

. . . out on the tundra the most reassuring gesture we could make to the little wolves, doubtfully watching as we approached, was to do a wolf smile ourselves. We crouched, elbows to sides, and flipped forearms sideways. A wolf reads the lowering of your elevation as friendliness. Whether they figured out that our idea was that we were smiling I don't know. But they took the crouch and paw flip as our regular recognition sign. They smiled and tossed their own paws sidewise and ran to us.

These quotations are merely a few of the many that could be taken from this book to show how different is the character of the wolf from that we are normally given. Even in its attacks on caribou—and the authors had plenty of opportunity to see these—the wolf takes only the weakling, sick and disabled members of the herd. Even the calves can outstrip them, provided they are healthy. Indeed, it is now recognised by U.S. Government biologists that the predation by the wolf actually benefits the caribou, and where the wolf has been exterminated the numbers of the caribou have gone down. As the author



SCARED TO COME TOO CLOSE, THE YOUNG WOLF GAZES ADORINGLY, WHILE THE DOG TOOTCH IS UTTERLY UNINTERESTED IN HER DISPLAY OF AFFECTION. DR. BURTON DISCUSSES ON THIS PAGE THE DIFFERENT BEHAVIOUR OF DOGS AND WOLVES.



WOLF CUBS CAN BE AS PLAYFUL AS PUPPIES: *LADY*, ONE OF THE ADOPTED CUBS DESCRIBED IN THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE, IS SHOWN TRYING TO UNTIE THE EAR-FLAPS OF MR. HERBERT CRISLER'S CAP.

*These illustrations from the book "Arctic Wild" are reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Secker and Warburg.*

humped her back with an inverted smile. She sleeked her ears into her fur and tossed her big forepaws gleefully to either side as well as back and forth, as if they were on universal joints . . . she tilted her head aside and lifted her opposite forepaw high, as if entreating friendliness. She looked up . . . with an expression of pure joy.

For the first time we realised the beauty of a wolf's eyes. The whole face is . . . one of the most expressive of animal faces, and much of the expression resides in the quick-changing eyes. You can never do justice to them until you are close to the wolf; from even a little distance black lines of fur and socket prolong them into slant slits. But when you see them a few feet away they are level and large and clear as pure water, grey or gold or green according to mood and individual wolf. The changeable black pupils, enlarging readily with emotion, may be radiant or lighted by the fierce spark of anxiety or anger.

This interests me particularly. I have often found myself at variance with fellow zoologists who claim that there is no change in expression in the eye itself, only in the parts surrounding the eye. It is on such occasions that I am inclined

neck, he may proceed to lay his neck clear down on the ground and unroll his eel-supple spine to follow—a dancer's manoeuvre no dog could perform. A wolf can perform it without falling over only because he takes a remarkably wide base with hind paws. And he does so all in one fluent gesture, accompanied with the dazzling sweetness of the eyes. Much has been made of the first part of the full wolf greeting, that is, "presenting the neck to the enemy." But the wolf is presenting his neck to the ground, preparatory to laying himself at your feet, and it doesn't matter to him which way he turns his neck to do it. If he tilts his head away from you, "offering" his vulnerable neck, it is because he has an impulse to raise his paw towards you—lay it over your own neck if that has a low enough elevation at the moment, or lay himself at your feet.

These words were not written by doctrinaire zoologists but by a photographer who really loved the beasts she and her husband were living with. Throughout the book there is an evident and deep sympathy with wild life that was not distorted with sentimentality, but a sympathy linked with a rational appreciation of natural laws. This

points out, the greater damage has been done by man, with his fire-arms and his fires.

Lois Crisler is at times in some doubt, so it would appear, whether her delineation of the true character of the wolf and her description of its ways may not be taken to be exaggerated. There is at least one person whose opinion on this she need not fear. Having kept foxes now for some years, I have no hesitation in accepting her words as strictly accurate. What is more surprising to me is to note the strong similarity between the way in which a wolf expresses its emotion, whether to its own kind or to its human guardians, and the way in which a fox behaves. If behaviour and not "skull measurements" are a guide, then we should look for a closer affinity between a wolf and a fox than between either of these and the domestic dog. After reading this book I feel more than ever convinced that the ancestors of the domestic dog were not wolves. The wolf may have contributed eventually to its strain, but it is unlikely to have been its progenitor.





BY the time these words appear in print these porcelain pieces, which, with more than 150 others enlivened Christie's for a few days, will have been scattered, if not to the ends of the earth, to the corners of the Western world. They were part of a more than usually choice collection sent over for sale from the Continent. There were good figures from Italy, some from Vincennes and Sèvres, but the majority were German, and of these a hundred were from the great factory at Meissen, the pioneer in the manufacture of true porcelain in Europe and for a couple of generations the envy and despair of all other hopeful searchers after the secret by which the magical material could be made.

In the 200 years since the great days of European porcelain, we have travelled a vast distance technically and have accumulated so much knowledge about the distant past of the potter's craft that we are liable to forget how fresh and stimulating these little porcelain figures and groups must have appeared to the people who first acquired them. This brittle, brilliant, glassy substance, so different from the heavy, glazed earthenware hitherto familiar, which lent itself so readily to fantasy as well as use, was a revelation rather than a commonplace commercial development, and I feel that something of the excitement of those early years is to be felt when one sees and handles such pieces as these.

Some people have been known to label them trivial and tiresome and to complain that no porcelain manufacturer ever put what they call a "serious" work on the market. But that is surely to demand the impossible, for if there is one thing quite certain about porcelain it is that you can do almost anything with it except preach a sermon. I mean that stone and bronze lend themselves readily to majestic and noble subjects, but that porcelain by its very nature does not; it is a boudoir, worldly substance, and when—as occasionally happened—its manipulators attempted a religious theme, the result, to my mind, was merely sentimental; its subjects should be as fragile as its material, and the more mannered and artificial the better. That was a principle thoroughly understood by the 18th century, and these three illustrations are fair samples of the German response to the challenge. They are technically remarkable and wholly in tune with the fashions of the day, which were those of a highly sophisticated nursery, or of that miniature farm at Versailles where ghosts now walk and where, a few years after these pieces were manufactured, Marie Antoinette used to play at being a milkmaid.

All the German courts, and consequently the German porcelain factories, took their notions of a civilised life from Paris; the group of Fig. 1, which has been known to melt the heart of the most convinced woman-hating curmudgeons, is obviously straight from the school of Boucher, and was, in fact, made from an engraving by J. E. Nilson. The date, about 1765—the place

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

### GAY AND FRIVOLOUS.

Höchst, on the Main, where a factory was subsidised by the Elector Emmerich Joseph (1763-74). The group is a most engaging piece of nonsense. While it owes its effect mainly to its form—how effective the diagonal of the girl's body with the young man and the child at right-angles to it!—the colours play their part against the green-grass base. The shepherdess, with one breast bare, wears a pink hat and green bodice, while her white skirt has a pattern of widely spaced rose sprays; a lamb and her staff are beside her. The shepherd sits by her in an engaging pink confection of a hat, pink coat and yellow trousers; the boy has

of that family—had made true hard-paste porcelain in his Strasbourg *faïence* factory with the help of a clever rolling-stone, J. J. Ringler, from Vienna, and was forced to shut down the porcelain side of the business in 1755. He promptly crossed the Rhine, and obtained a privilege from the Elector.

The style is, not unnaturally, very similar to that of Strasbourg and also that of Höchst, which is not surprising, as workpeople and designers were always moving around. In this musical piece, with its characteristic stylised arbour background, the lady, in flowered dress and yellow bodice, plays a zither; a young man, in a lilac checker-pattern coat and black trousers, a pipe; a child, seated in the foreground, the bagpipes—a combination of instruments which I have never encountered in the flesh, and hope I never shall. A lamb and a dog share the grass-work base; the whole thing is an object of unlikely, absurd and wholly engaging charm.

I have chosen the hen of Fig. 3 out of a great many fairly familiar groups of men and women and animals because it is more than usually carefree and absurd and because it is by the most gifted of all the porcelain modellers of Europe, J. J. Kaendler, of Meissen, whose reign lasted from 1731 to 1775. By that I don't mean to imply that others—notably Bustelli, of the Nymphenburg factory—were not wonderfully able and imaginative, but that they had, on the whole, less range and were at their best for a short period only, whereas Kaendler seems to have been inventive up to the end. With a flamboyant cock, this hen (the chick's head forms the cover) completes a pair of teapots; the date about 1735. The cock is decorated with feather markings in tones of yellow, orange, blue and purple; the hen, as befits her maternal, hard-working, housewifely status, is in tones of brown, with eight chicks peeping out from beneath her. Odd little teapots, and next to them were a couple of minute tureens formed as ducks; all very silly and engaging.

Perhaps I may be allowed to conclude with a word of warning: forgeries of most German factories, and particularly of Meissen, abound, and no amount of reading or the study of marks is sufficient for detection. I quote very briefly some wise words of the late W. B. Honey on this point. After giving, in the Faber monograph on German porcelain, a list of modern and other marks resembling the cross swords of Meissen—five of them, including Worcester—he adds:

"Many of the reproductions made since the middle of the 19th century bear the mark of the factory imitated, and can only be detected by an eye trained by observation of genuine old pieces. Many of the copies were, in fact, made by the same factory as the originals, and in other cases also the original moulds having passed into other hands were used again more or less fraudulently." Thus the Höchst mark—the wheel, from the arms of Mainz—was used on reproductions made from the old Höchst moulds at Passau and at Bonn, and the CT monogram of Frankenthal has been used at the modern Nymphenburg factory.

The world is indeed filled with ingenious rogues!



FIG. 1. "THE SLUMBERING SHEPHERDESS," A CHARMING GROUP OF PORCELAIN FIGURES MODELLED AFTER AN ENGRAVING BY J. E. NILSON AT HOCHST, c. 1765; FROM A RECENT SALE AT CHRISTIE'S. (8½ ins. high.)



FIG. 2. "THE TRIO," ANOTHER CAREFREE PIECE OF CONTINENTAL PORCELAIN, AFTER A PAINTING BY J. E. NILSON: MADE AT FRANKENTHAL, c. 1760. (8½ ins. high.)



FIG. 3. ONE OF AN AMUSING PAIR OF TEAPOTS AND COVERS, MADE c. 1735: BY THE MOST GIFTED OF ALL EUROPEAN PORCELAIN MODELLERS, J. J. KAENDLER, OF MEISSEN. (7 ins. long.)

been described as a little wingless amour dressed up for a smart wedding.

A slightly different version of this group is to be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The modeller—a certain Laurentius Russinger, who is best known for both groups and figures in this artificial pastoral manner. The "Trio" of Fig. 2 shares fully in this carefree gaiety. Like Fig. 1, it is from a work by J. E. Nilson, its place of origin Frankenthal, near Mannheim, in the Palatinate. That the Frankenthal factory existed at all was due to the policy of the French Government of the 1750's, by which Vincennes was given the monopoly of making porcelain. P. A. Han-nong—the most brilliant of the three generations





CHARM, ELEGANCE AND SOPHISTICATION OF 2200 YEARS AGO : A SILVER STATUETTE FROM THE EGYPT OF THE PTOLEMIES.

This delightful statuette—it is about 9½ ins. high—is now in the Metropolitan Museum of New York, to which it came as a bequest from Mr. Theodore M. Davis in 1930. It belongs to the Ptolemaic period and can be dated to about 300 B.C. It is almost certainly a funerary statuette and is perhaps in the nature of a memorial of a particular person, but it is not possible to be definite in these matters. It is immediately attractive to the modern beholder, possibly because the frank and engaging cast of the features gives an impression of modernity; and partly also, perhaps,

because the elongation of the body—which is quite astonishing if subjected to analysis—is so much in accordance with the modern formula of, say, fashion drawing. The statuette is at present included in the new display in a new gallery of the Metropolitan's collection of Egyptian jewellery, which is unrivalled except by that of the Cairo Museum, and which owes its supremacy to the presence of four great groups of antiquities: the Lahun Treasure, the treasure of the three court ladies of Thot-mose III, the late Lord Carnarvon's collection, and the Theodore M. Davis collection.

*From a colour photograph specially taken by the Metropolitan Museum of New York.*



## A MOST SHY AND RARE ANIMAL SAVED FROM POSSIBLE EXTINCTION: THE OKAPI.



A NATIVE OF THE DENSE FORESTS OF THE BELGIAN CONGO, AND REARED NEARBY IN CAPTIVITY: A YOUNG MALE OKAPI, BETWEEN TWO AND FOUR WEEKS OLD, SHOWING ITS CHARACTERISTIC PROTECTIVE WHITE MARKINGS.



WITH ITS MOTHER IN THE "STATION POUR LA CAPTURE DES OKAPIS," EPULU, BELGIAN CONGO: ANOTHER YOUNG MALE OKAPI OF THE SAME AGE. THE OKAPI, NOW SUCCESSFULLY REARED IN CAPTIVITY, IS ONE OF THE RAREST AND SHYEST ANIMALS IN THE WORLD.



SHOWING ITS GIRAFFE-LIKE HORNS: A MALE OKAPI LATER BROUGHT TO FRANKFURT ZOO. OKAPI IS THE PIGMY NAME FOR THE ANIMAL.

THOUSANDS of years ago the Okapi (*Okapia johnstoni*) is believed to have inhabited many parts of the earth. But in the succeeding centuries this shy animal, which bears some resemblance to the giraffe, the zebra and the antelope, fled the predatory advance of man and the attacks of other animals, and now dwells only in the darkest forests of Central Africa, on the edge of extinction. Indeed, so secluded has been its habitat that the Okapi was unknown to science until the beginning of this century. The story of its discovery, culminating in the successful rearing of young Okapis in captivity, is an exciting and romantic one; a story which begins with a chance discovery in Greece over 100 years ago. In the year 1838, a German-born soldier, serving with a foreign army in Greece, stumbled against some ancient bones in a dried-out river-bed. One of these bones cracked open, and to the soldier's astonishment was found to contain what he took to be a store of precious stones. Cramming these excitedly into his pockets, the soldier eventually took them to a German professor in Munich, who disillusioned him by informing him that his "precious stones" were no more than crystallised chemicals of little commercial value. None the less, the find proved to be of great zoological importance, and after eager excavations had been carried out at the site, skeletons of a hitherto unknown animal were unearthed. It was established that these bones were several million years old, and belonged to an animal which apparently had no living descendants. It was not until 1890, when Henry Stanley made his historic journey into the heart of the Congo forests, that this opinion was proved false. Stanley learnt that the Pigmies had a word in their language meaning "donkey" or "horse": this was strange, in view of the known fact that such animals almost invariably inhabit only plains and open spaces. Curious to solve the mystery, Sir Harry Johnston, then Governor of Uganda, questioned the Pigmies who told him that they called the animal "Okapi." They described it and showed him a skin which unfortunately had been cut into unrecognisable strips. Shortly afterwards, however, two large bones of the Okapi were brought to light and sent by Sir Harry to the Zoological Society, in London, who announced the discovery of a new kind of animal, which became known as "Johnston's Horse." Then in 1901 a complete hide and two skeletons reached London, whereupon experts realised that the newly-discovered animal did not belong to the horse or donkey family at all, nor seemed to be related to any known living family. (The Okapi is now classed in the family Giraffidae, which includes [Continued opposite.



IN THE OKAPI STATION, BELGIAN CONGO: A MALE OKAPI SIMILAR TO THE ONE BROUGHT TO GERMANY BY DR. GRZIMEK AT THE TIME WHEN HE AND HIS SON WERE MAKING THE FILM "NO ROOM FOR WILD ANIMALS."

These pictures were photographed by Dr. Bernhard Grzimek and his son Michael during the making of the film "No Room for Wild Animals."

Continued.] the Giraffe.) The discovery became a zoological sensation, and in the early years of the century, frequent attempts were made by hunters to shoot or capture a specimen; mostly without success. Later a few were captured alive, but lived only a very short time. It was not until 1918 that the first Okapi reached a zoo alive, but it survived in captivity only fifteen days. Since that time over a dozen have been brought back alive, but until 1955, when Dr. Bernhard Grzimek transported one to the Frankfurt Zoo, of which he is Director, only one, in the London Zoo, had survived any length of time. Since then two young Okapis have been born near Paris—the second a few weeks ago. Dr. Grzimek's book, "No Room for Wild Animals," an impassioned plea for the ending of the ruthless extermination of wild creatures, has been filmed and shown recently in London.



## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**A FAMOUS FINANCIER:**  
**THE LATE MR. MYRON C. TAYLOR.**  
Mr. Myron Charles Taylor died in New York on May 6 at the age of 85. His career started as an industrial lawyer. He succeeded Mr. J. P. Morgan as Chairman of the United States Steel Corporation in 1932 and in 1939 was appointed President Roosevelt's personal representative to Pope Pius XII. He received the Medal of Merit from President Truman.



**THE LATE SULTAN OF JOHORE:**  
**H.H. SIR IBRAHIM.**  
Major-General His Highness Sir Ibrahim, Sultan of Johore, died in London on May 8 at the age of 85, after a long and much-respected reign. The late Sultan, who owned many thousands of acres of rubber plantations, was known for his friendly relations with the suzerain British Power. He made frequent visits to Europe and gave much financial help to this country.



**THE NEW SULTAN OF JOHORE:**  
**THE TENGKU MAHKOTA.**  
The Tengku Mahkota of Johore, Tunku Sir Ismail Ibni Sultan Ibrahim, was on May 9 proclaimed Sultan in succession to his father, Major-General Sir Ibrahim, who died in London the previous day. The new Sultan, who is 64, took the oath before the acting Premier, Unku Ismail Bin Abdul Rahman, and senior State officials in the throne-room of the palace.



**AN ABLE STATESMAN:**  
**THE LATE VISCOUNT TEMPLEWOOD.**  
Viscount Templewood, better known in his lifetime as Sir Samuel Hoare, died in London on May 7 at the age of 79. An outstanding figure in British politics, Viscount Templewood held a great variety of Ministerial posts during his long career in Parliament. He did much to make Britain "air-minded" and was among the first to realise the possibilities of civil aviation.



(Left.)  
**TO ADVISE IN KENYA:**  
**SIR G. BERESFORD-STOKE.**  
Mr. Lennox-Boyd, the Colonial Secretary, announced on May 7 that Sir George Beresford-Stooke and Mr. R. D. Fair, a Prison Commissioner, would be advisers to the Governor on the future administration of the four remaining emergency camps in Kenya. Sir George Beresford-Stooke is a former Governor and has had wide colonial experience.



**THE MEMBERS OF THE R.A.F. MOUNTAIN RESCUE TEAM WHO REACHED THE TUDOR AIRCRAFT WHICH CRASHED NEAR THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT SUBHAN, TURKEY.**  
The members of the team are (front row, l. to r.) F. Costall, J. Emmerson; (back row, l. to r.) R. Robertson, D. Bishop, G. Murphy and R. Ellis. The team, after it had reached the wreckage, buried the twelve men who died in the crash and destroyed the secret equipment being carried to Woomera.

(Right.)  
**A CAMBRIDGE APPOINTMENT: MR. J. S. MORRISON.**  
Mr. J. S. Morrison, who is at present Senior Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, has been appointed Senior Tutor of Churchill College. Mr. Morrison, who is 45, is a University Lecturer in Classics. During the war he served with the British Council in the Middle East. From 1945 to 1950 he was Professor of Greek at Durham.



(Right.)  
**A MAN OF THE THEATRE: THE LATE MR. ASHLEY DUKES.**  
Mr. Ashley Dukes, who died in London on May 4, aged 73, had been connected with the stage for fifty years as a critic, playwright and manager. He wrote a large number of plays of which the most popular was "The Man With a Load of Mischief." With his wife, Mme. Rambert, he founded the Mercury Theatre and the Ballet Club.



(Left.)  
**A MINISTERIAL VISIT TO LONDON: HERR STRAUSS.**  
Herr Strauss, the West German Defence Minister, arrived in London on May 11 for a short visit, one of the objects of which was to discuss West German arms purchases from Britain. His programme included visits to the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough and to other research centres. His last visit was in May 1957.



**TO RETIRE FROM DE HAVILLAND: MR. W. E. NIXON.**  
Mr. Wilfrid Ernest Nixon, Chairman and Managing Director of de Havilland Holdings Ltd., and Chairman of the de Havilland Aircraft Company, is to retire on June 30. He will be succeeded by Sir Aubrey Burke. Mr. Nixon was one of the original founders of the de Havilland Aircraft Company. He became a Director in 1944. In 1954 he became Chairman.



**MISS JULIE ANDREWS, THE STAR OF "MY FAIR LADY," ARRIVING AT THE CHURCH FOR HER WEDDING TO MR. ANTHONY WALTON ON MAY 10.**

A crowd of 2000 gathered at St. Mary's Church, Otlands, Weybridge, Surrey, for Miss Andrews' wedding. The bride, who had hoped for a quiet country wedding, had great difficulty in getting away from the church through her crowds of admirers. Members of the cast of "My Fair Lady" were among the 300 guests.



**AN AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION:**  
**MR. G. B. WOLSTENHOLME.**  
Mr. G. B. Wolstenholme, the well-known golfer, became on May 2 the fifth player to win the English Amateur Golf Championship twice. Mr. Wolstenholme had previously won the Championship three years ago. In this year's final, which was at Formby, the match was close and exciting, and Wolstenholme just defeated M. F. Bonallack on the 36th green, after being two down with four to play.





## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



### LIGHT AND DARK

By ALAN DENT

IS film-comedy losing its lightness, or is it that one is just getting older and heavier? All the daily-paper critics praised "It Happened to Jane," for example, as a bath to the spirit, a joy to the eyes (especially as Jane was the admittedly delicious Doris Day), and "a surprise, a relief, and a vivid reminder of how much happier, if not better-made, Hollywood's film-comedies used to be generally."

This film struck me, instead, as a good example of the self-consciousness that has crept into the direction of comedy. Compare it, for example, with "The Solid Gold Cadillac," a not dissimilar film of less than three years ago. There again we had a young woman taking a stand against "the insolence of office" in the shape of a conference-table surrounded with directors. I turn back and find that I grew ecstatic about this film very much as most of my colleagues have been doing about "It Happened to Jane." I began with a question that has, alas, lost so little of its relevance that it is worth repeating: "With the nations, great and small, snarling and snapping at one another exactly like so many dogs, big and little, cannot Man, Tried Man, be easily forgiven these days for regarding the art of the cinema—or any other art—as a salve, a solace, a means of escape? He must be so forgiven occasionally. . . . A sheer and simple comedy like this one is a tonic to the tired mind because it brings laughter to the spirit."

My own chief pleasure in "It Happened to Jane" was in setting eyes for the first time on the new comedian, Ernie Kovacs, who is large, bald, masterful, and very funny whatever he does. He is a tremendous tycoon; there is no end to him, as there is none to his continuous long black cigar; his smile is frequent and fierce. He is in this film the Head of a railroad company which refuses to pay compensation to Miss Day. She presents an active little widow on the Maine seaboard whose business is the supply of fresh lobsters to inland cities. A supply has been held up on a side-line over a week-end, and the lobsters have died. Hence Miss Day's action, and Mr. Kovacs' counter-inaction; and hence the film.

It may possibly be that I find this film less than uproariously funny—or, shall we say, resistibly funny—because of the death of those lobsters in the side-line on the railroad. Not a single critic has mentioned this disturbing feature. Yet if the freight had happened to be kittens or puppy-dogs, there would have been a universal yell of horror at the tastelessness of the whole incident—from both writers and viewers. I know full well that I am utterly wrong here, in a minority of one. All the same, I won't be prevented from uttering a unique expostulation: you can eat lobsters!

Consolation came, as it so often does, at the end of the week, when my Sunday Minerva, my dear Miss Powell, detected, as I did, a lack of the old abandonment and said so: "The film isn't as good as the Capra comedies of the 'thirties, but for a minute or two Mr. Kovacs—with the help of the director, Richard Quine—makes it look as if it were."

Another comedy called "The Shaggy Dog," being all about a live dog and

not about dead lobsters, will probably have a more universal appeal. But I am afraid I don't think this one irresistibly funny, either! It is set in the home of a nice, fairly well-to-do, small-town couple (Fred MacMurray and Jean Hagen) with two little sons—one is tiresome and has an inventor's itch (Tommy Kirk) and the other is his help and his hindrance,

### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



SHAGGY, WHO IS APPEARING IN "THE SHAGGY DOG" (DISNEY STUDIOS).

"As dogs go," writes Alan Dent, "this one, *Shaggy*, is admittedly a nice dog and one that is made to seem to talk outright, instead of with the usual wheedling or ingratiating or reproachful looks and the conciliatory wag of the tail. He is, in fact, a genuine talking-dog, or is made to seem so, and he takes the principal part in a rather involved new real-life comedy from the Disney Studios, 'The Shaggy Dog,' which has been directed by Charles Barton for Walt Disney, and began its London run at Studio One, Oxford Street, on Friday, May 8."

and quite a cherub in his American way (Kevin Corcoran).

This comedy has a very strong element of fantasy since the adolescent son discovers an ancient ring in a museum which has the curious power of turning its owner into a dog. It accomplishes this metamorphosis for an indefinite time only, the victim being liable to turn back again as Mr. Hyde used to turn back into Dr. Jekyll (in by far the best of all such fantasies). Fantasy should, in any case, have its own kind of wild logic. We should not, as in "The Shaggy Dog," find ourselves questioning why the young man should turn into exactly the dog of the pretty foreign young lady next door (Roberta Shore), who may or may not be one of a spy-ring. Nor should we ask and get no answer to the question why the real dog completely vanishes when the boy-turned-dog takes its place.

Gladly do I admit that the real dog *Shaggy*—an unusual variety of Serbian sheep-dog—is a charmer, and that the imitation dog, which talks and uses the telephone, is not nearly so convincing a one as we have every right to expect from a Disney studio. The substitution could, for once in a way, be better contrived. I still think the best dog story—the only one I ever remember—is the one that used to be told by that twinkling impresario, the late Sir Charles Cochran. More than once I heard him tell how he picked up the telephone in his Bond Street office and heard a man's voice say: "If I come round to your office I think you'll engage me on the spot for your next revue. I don't sing, or dance, or act, or play any instrument. You see, I'm only a dog—but I talk. Goodbye!"

Still hopeful for something like the old light-hearted comedy I went to something British called "Sapphire," attracted largely by the name of that engaging light comedian, Nigel Patrick. But this turned out to be an utterly serious and even laborious investigation into the question of who might have killed a music-student called Sapphire,

and why. Sapphire's dead body was found on Hampstead Heath, and the detectives—led by Mr. Patrick in an unusually serious mood—soon found out that Sapphire had a certain mystery about her parentage, and that while studying Bach and Brahms all day, she jived all night in dives in and around Shepherd's Bush.

The film plays in and around the colour bar as it exists in London, sometimes shrewdly and some-

times with a kind of blundering tastelessness. Its two best characters—or the two best performances—come from Earl Cameron as a young doctor from the Midlands, who unashamedly claims to be Sapphire's coloured brother (accepting his situation with a philosophic smile), and from Gordon Heath as a coloured barrister with an arrogant little beard and an almost alarming sense of logic. This is a vastly improved young actor since I first saw him—at a little town in Yorkshire nearly ten years ago, playing Othello in the flesh.



"LARGE, BALD, MASTERFUL, AND VERY FUNNY WHATEVER HE DOES": ERNIE KOVACS, WHO PLAYS HARRY FOSTER MALONE IN "IT HAPPENED TO JANE"—THE TOUGH RAILROAD CHIEF WHO MEETS HIS MATCH IN JANE OSGOOD (DORIS DAY), A YOUNG WIDOW IN THE LOBSTER BUSINESS.



JANE OSGOOD, WITH GEORGE DENHAM, LEFT (JACK LEMMON), AND LARRY HALL (STEVE FORREST), JUBILANTLY HEARS OF HER TV SUCCESS: A SCENE FROM "IT HAPPENED TO JANE." (LONDON PREMIERE: ODEON, LEICESTER SQUARE, APRIL 30.)

### OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"CARLTON-BROWNE OF THE F.O." (British Lion. Generally Released: May 4).—This is a joyous Boulting Brothers film—Peter Sellers as a Foreign Minister and Terry-Thomas as a very English diplomat—fully intended to make you laugh and Whitehall blush.

"LIFE IN EMERGENCY WARD 10" (Eros. Generally Released: May 4).—This is a drama—or a selection of crucial little dramas—about life as it is lived and preserved in a well-run hospital.

"THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES" (United Artists. Generally Released: May 4).—This is that dear old Conan Doyle thriller with a not very fearful Hound, but with Peter Cushing as an impressive Holmes and André Morell as an affably dim Dr. Watson.



# AIRLINERS BRITISH AND RUSSIAN; A CAMBRIDGE PLANNING PROJECT; AND OTHER TOPICAL ITEMS.

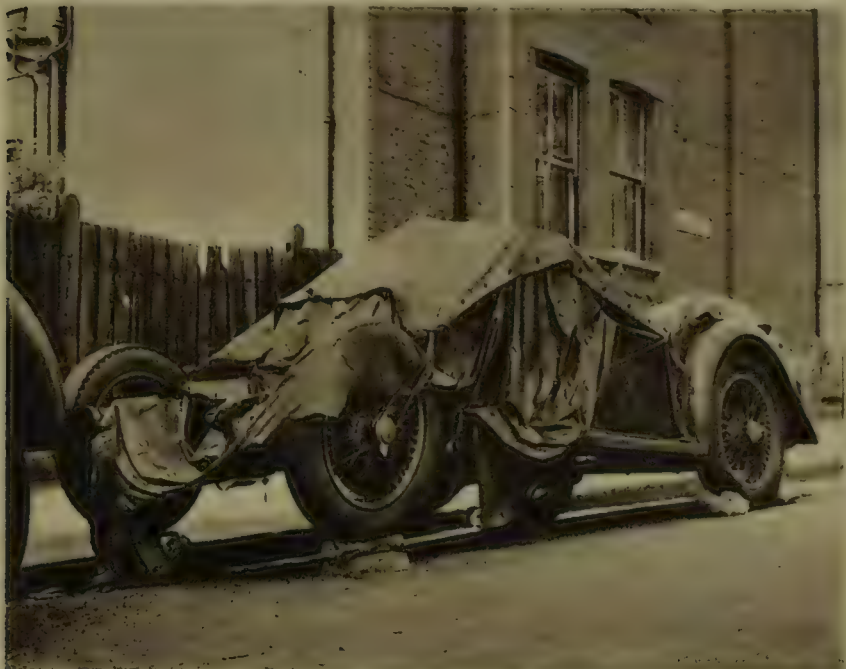


INSTRUMENT PANELS INSIDE THE NEW VICKERS *VANGUARD* AIRLINER, WHICH FLEW TO HAMBURG ON MAY 6 FOR DEMONSTRATION TO GERMAN TRANSPORT EXPERTS.

The turboprop *Vanguard* is claimed to have the biggest money-making potential of any airliner yet built. It is capable of carrying 139 passengers at a cruising speed of 425 m.p.h. and can be used as a freighter in off-peak periods.



THE FLIGHT-DECK OF THE RUSSIAN *TU-104* JET AIRLINER, OF THE TYPE DUE TO START A TWICE-WEEKLY LONDON-MOSCOW SERVICE FROM MAY 16. This airliner was shown to the British Press for the first time on May 7 in a demonstration flight from London Airport. Shown here are (l. to r.) the captain, Peter Soldatov, the navigator, and the chief pilot. The B.E.A. Moscow service was due to start on May 14.



A DERELICT OF THE MOTOR AGE: AN ENGINELESS OLD CROCK, SHROUDED AND PROPPED UP—AND ABANDONED IN A LONDON STREET AND, INDEED, ONE OF MANY SO TREATED. Attention has been recently called to the increasing number of old and useless cars which are being simply abandoned by their owners in the side-streets of London. In Lambeth alone it is said that the authorities deal with about 1000 such each year.



DUE TO REOPEN ON JULY 8, FOR THE FIRST TIME FOR NINETEEN YEARS: THE QUEEN'S THEATRE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, WHERE REBUILDING IS APPROACHING COMPLETION. The Queen's Theatre was badly damaged in September 1940 in an air raid and after long delays over licences rebuilding started two years ago. It will reopen on July 8, when Sir John Gielgud will open with "The Ages of Man," his solo Shakespearean programme.



THE AREA FOR THE NEW CAMBRIDGE RE-DEVELOPMENT SCHEME, BOUNDED ON THE NORTH BY PETTY CURY AND ON THE SOUTH BY DOWNING STREET.



A MODEL OF THE PROPOSED AREA FOR RE-DEVELOPMENT IN CAMBRIDGE. AMONG THE BUILDINGS WILL BE A STUDENTS' HOSTEL, A HOTEL AND NEW SHOPS. In the scheme the City Council plans to grant a 99-year lease to a development company. There has been little opposition to the rebuilding scheme, but Jesus College has objected that it would unnecessarily intensify commercial development in the city centre.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## REBELLION

By J. C. TREWIN.

SHELLEY'S play, "The Cenci," begins with a pleasing line, "That matter of the murder is hushed up. . . ." It must surprise anyone that, in the English theatre, the tragedy was hushed up for so long. Flawed though it is, it does not disintegrate in performance. Michael

Griffith is, facially and vocally, the Count of our imaginations.

There is no cause here to enlarge on the failings of the play and on its few derivative passages. Better by far to recall its terrible splendour, its torch-flare in a stifling midnight. Veronica Turleigh and John Phillips are others to salute in an Old Vic recreation (settings by Leslie Hurry) that must have our heart and hand.

Shelley was a rebel. A modern dramatist, John Osborne, has sought to be. I have never concealed my unflattering opinion of his plays. Someone observed the other day of the best-known of these, "Look Back in Anger," that it "altered the course of theatre history." Believe me, it did nothing of the kind. This dully strident little piece has had as much effect upon the stage of its day as "The Vortex" had upon the 1920s—and "The Vortex" was an infinitely better work. However, there is no need to discuss the past. Mr. Osborne's present is devoted to "a new musical comedy of manners" entitled "The World of Paul Slickey." This opened at the Palace Theatre on a night of sustained embarrassment.

The dramatist is at his old, and desperately boring, game of attack. He bangs about him in all directions—at gossip-writers, journalists, politicians, religion, even at the income-tax man. (I dare say there is something about mothers-in-law, but I missed it.) Switching between a newspaper office and a so-called stately home, the piece is utterly chaotic. Just before the interval the gallery's first ironical laughter sounded, and after the interval an example of Mr. Osborne's humour, a parody of a religious funeral, with a coffin embroiled in a rock-'n'-roll party, was greeted first with incredulous silence, then with a volley of booing.

Later, we heard a good deal of depressing babble about sex-changing. Presently the curtain fell—

circumstances, and as a variation on the theme, he might glance at his own play as a detached spectator.

The company, which conducted itself as bravely as actors and actresses do invariably on a trying night, included Marie Löhr, Janet Hamilton-Smith, Dennis Lotis, and Adrienne Corri. Aidan Turner played a butler called Trewin—not a bad fellow, I felt: Mr. Osborne, his own director, may like to know, for any fresh musical satire, that the name—as anyone with an ear could have told him—is never, never pronounced "Truin." Still, I dare say it all adds to the gaiety.

There is little more to say except that the musical accompaniment to this affair is by Christopher Whelen. I hope that the general response to a thoroughly feeble night will dispose for ever of the silly and, until recently, fashionable cult of theatrical nihilism. For too long, and not in the theatre alone—let me add—we have been asked to believe in disbelief, to assume that it is clever and audacious and brave to be angry for anger's sake. Dully bellicose writers go about believing that they are reincarnations of Swift, when they are merely making a mess with vinegar. We can have far too much of this. Why not rebel against the more foolish forms of rebellion? Some of us do care.

A genuine satirist has just appeared, oddly, on the London stage in a musical version of "Candide" at the Saville. This is, as we know, Voltaire's tale of the high-minded young Westphalian who has to learn from dire experience that there is something wrong with the Panglossian repetition that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Let me say at once that I did not much enjoy the Saville production, though certain things in it—such as Mary Costa's zest during a new Jewel Song for Cunégonde, and Laurence Naismith's constant optimism as Pangloss—still linger pleasantly.

What disturbed me was the reduction in scale, a feeling that in this new form Voltaire's fable had become trivial, which is the last thing one ought to say of it. Monotony set in fairly soon, and, for me, the night never recovered, even if I recognised the work of Edith Coates and Denis Quilley, and the efforts, not too successful, of the composer Leonard Bernstein to "lift" Lillian Hellman's libretto. True, there are—as they say—"moments" in the production: possibly it is better to leave it there, remembering the book wistfully.

So back to the Old Vic. In June the company will stage, in celebration of the tercentenary of Purcell's birth, "The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island," the Dryden and Davenant version, with Purcell's score and a girl called Dorinda as Miranda's companion, a sister to assist her. The original prologue apologised that "we, by our dearth of Youths,

are forc'd t'employ

One of our Women to present a Boy.  
And that's a transformation you will say  
Exceeding all the Magick in the Play.  
Let none expect in the last Act to find  
Her Sex transform'd from Man to  
Woman-kind.  
Whate'er she was before the Play began,  
All you shall see of her is perfect Man."

That sounds curiously topical; but I would hate to plague the sad ghost of Dryden.



A MOMENT OF PASSION: COUNT CENCI (HUGH GRIFFITH) WITH BEATRICE, HIS DAUGHTER (BARBARA JEFFORD), IN A SCENE FROM THE OLD VIC PRODUCTION OF SHELLEY'S RARELY-SEEN TRAGEDY, "THE CENCI." (OLD VIC THEATRE: FIRST NIGHT, APRIL 29.)

Bentham's production at the Old Vic, among the shadows and the echoing vastness of palace and rock-savage castle, expresses the fever-chills of the play, the sultriness of its passion, and the cold breath of agony and fear.

We are told how miraculously Sybil Thorndike restored Beatrice to the theatre during the 1920s. Now Barbara Jefford, best of the young classical players, gives a performance that should send to the Old Vic everyone in love with noble speech. Beatrice, who has rebelled at last against the intolerable rule of her father, Count Francesco Cenci, is by no means an uncomplicated personage. Shelley has not wholly clarified her; but we do not ask questions while we watch Miss Jefford.

I have always held that in her poise—that proud, swan-like carriage of the head—and in the purity of her speech, Miss Jefford has no peers. Shelley said that Beatrice Cenci seems to have been "one of those rare persons in whom energy and gentleness dwell together without destroying one another: her nature was simple and profound. The crimes and miseries in which she was an actor and a sufferer are as the mask and mantle in which circumstances clothed her for her impersonation on the scene of the world." We remember that while watching and listening to Barbara Jefford. The casting of Hugh Griffith as Count Cenci is also entirely right. This part is complete devil, and it needs an actor unafraid of a fierce relish, one prepared to drive every speech home to the dagger's hilt. Beatrice says of him: "I fear that wicked laughter round his eye, which wrinkles up the skin even to the hair." Hugh



"CANDIDE," THE NEW MUSICAL BASED ON VOLTAIRE'S SATIRE: A SCENE DURING THE FINALE NUMBER, "MAKE OUR GARDEN GROW." LEFT TO RIGHT, IN THE CENTRE, CUNÉGONDE (MARY COSTA), CANDIDE (DENIS QUILLEY) AND DR. PANGLOSS (LAURENCE NAISMITH). (SAVILLE THEATRE: FIRST NIGHT, APRIL 30.) (Photograph by Houston Rogers.)

to sounds from a section of the audience that (to put it gently) indicated a certain distaste for the entertainment. Mr. Osborne has become something of a specialist in anger, no doubt sincere anger (I would not question that): in the

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

PILAR LOPEZ AND HER SPANISH BALLET (Princes).—The opening of a three-week season. (May 11.)  
SUSANNA AND JOSE (Sadler's Wells).—The Spanish dancers. (May 12.)  
"NATURAL CAUSES" (Arts).—Play about euthanasia. (May 12.)  
"CHANGE OF TUNE" (Strand).—Alan Melville's comedy, based on a play by Anna Bonacci. (May 13.)  
"ORPHEUS DESCENDING" (Royal Court).—Tennessee Williams's drama. (May 14.)



A 19-YEAR-OLD IN A COVENT GARDEN DEBUT:  
MISS LYNN SEYMOUR IN "SWAN LAKE."



IN THE ROLE IN WHICH SHE APPEARED AT COVENT GARDEN ON MAY 6: LYNN SEYMOUR, THE NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD CANADIAN-BORN DANCER, IN THREE POSES AS ODETTE IN "SWAN LAKE."  
THE DOUBLE ROLE OF ODETTE-ODILE IS A MOST EXACTING TEST.

Miss Lynn Seymour came to the Royal Ballet School with a scholarship from Canada some six years ago and is now nineteen. She is reported to have developed remarkably during the recent tour in Australia by the junior company of the Royal Ballet; and on May 6 had the great honour of making her first appearance at Covent Garden in a leading role, as

Odette-Odile in "Swan Lake." She was partnered by another very young dancer, Mr. Donald MacLeary. She is very petite even for a ballet dancer and was extraordinarily fluent and assured, and although, naturally, she was not, as yet, able to extract the full drama and richness from the part, she was, nevertheless, considered to have shown a great deal of promise and charm.

*Specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Houston Rogers.*



ONE might have thought, perhaps wearily, but certainly with justification, that enough had been said about Mme. de Staël. She was a notorious and not very reputable figure. She was concerned, in the late eighteenth century, with that triangle of literature, love and politics which is typical of the period, and which has become, by over-repetition, almost as tedious as the triangles of Euclid. What more, I asked myself, can be said about Mme. de Staël? She has suffered—if I may use one of those puns, harsh, grating, and not very funny, which characterised the Court of the late King Edward VII—from being stylised. What, I wondered, would be the point of ploughing through yet another book, nearly 500 pages long and in rather small print, re-hashing for us the story of a woman who has become as tediously well known as her lovers and her political contemporaries—between whom there was a certain amount of overlapping? But Mr. J. Christopher Herold has proved me wrong. His life of Mme. de Staël, entitled *MISTRESS TO AN AGE*—an apt and significant choice of title—is full of pity and tears. Let me quote first from Mr. Herold's preface, and then from his epilogue. In the former, he writes:

Madame de Staël's mother, who had an obsession about "precipitate inhumations," hoped to escape that fate by having herself preserved in a basin of alcohol and visited daily by her husband; Madame de Staël herself, who observed on that occasion that this was not the way in which she proposed to be remembered, was much too alive to stay buried after Lady Blennerhassett [her 19th-century biographer] had embalmed her. She never ceased to protest her untimely burial: long-hidden documents turned up, and are still turning up, still-living witnesses to her passions and to the passions she inspired; scholars re-read her works with a fresh eye for the vigour and originality of her intelligence; others, studying the lives of her great contemporaries who also were her friends and enemies—a Napoleon, a Byron, a Talleyrand, a Goethe, a Chateaubriand—constantly found her on their path and often enough let her divert them from it.

That is it. Mr. Herold has himself exhibited that "fresh eye," and the exhibition has been well worth while. In his epilogue, quoting a phrase of Benjamin Constant's written after Mme. de Staël's death, he comments:

Busy monotony, profound silence: if four words can sum up the life and death of Madame de Staël, these are they. But the profound silence was not, in her case, the oblivion that follows the usual brief shock of bereavement. It is difficult to conceive of the effect her death produced on those whose lives she had transformed and dominated. The profound silence they felt reminded them, until they in turn died, of the intensely burning vitality that had been hers—a vitality that had fed on their own, lesser fires, and that she had radiated back to them as if she were its sole source.

The justification of this conclusion lies, of course, in the pages which lead from the author's preface to his epilogue. But none of them give the quality of the book so well as the passages which I have quoted.

No other book that I have read this week quite comes up to this level. One of the pleasantest was Marion Lochhead's *YOUNG VICTORIANS*. This is a theme which has been tackled time and time again, but Miss Lochhead has proved that there is still something new to say. She starts with Queen Victoria herself, who wrote, on her eighteenth birthday: "How old! Yet how far I am from being what I should be." This is also the pattern for the admirable, if slightly priggish, young men turned out by Arnold's Rugby, and for the young women of Cheltenham Ladies' College. But the age had its eccentrics, and Miss Lochhead does not omit them. I knew about Augustus Hare, but I must confess that "that ripe eccentric, scholar, novelist, Churchman and hymn-writer, Sabine Baring-Gould," was comparatively new to me. The book is full of good things. Nothing delighted me more than the comment that at Winchester, in Dr. Moberly's day, "Cricket was, on the whole, preferred to Confession."

Next, I went back to the period of the Napoleonic Wars. To say that I was unprepared for *THE GREAT BELZONI*, by Stanley Mayes, is an understatement. Egyptology may well be of special interest to readers of *The Illustrated London News*, and—in an amateur fashion—I have felt its fascination myself. But I had not expected to find among the founders of Egyptology an Italian giant who began life as a barber, and found time to tread the boards as an actor, to appear as a "strong man" at fairs, to transport the colossal "Memnon" head of Ramses II, to discover the tomb of Seti I and the entrance to the Second Pyramid—all before his death at the age of forty-five. As a man, he must have been as colossal as the monuments with which he coped.

## A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

Another book on travel and adventure is the Australian Guy Batham's *DRIFTING AROUND THE SOUTH SEAS*. It is full of incident and interest, but not outstanding. There has been a good deal of competition in this field lately, and Mr. Batham cannot, I think, quite hold his own.

My conversion to novels appears to be slow, but inexorable. I wish, at any rate, that I had not taken up Miss Diana Raymond's *THE FIVE DAYS* quite so late in the evening, after a hard

sentimentality in these passages, and they make the book what it is—uneven, perhaps, but a rare and moving picture of two people at the end of their tether.

It is always pleasant to discover a Commonwealth writer of quality. Mr. Reginald Griffiths, author of *CHILDREN*

OF PRIDE, is one such. His novel deals with life in Africa more than a hundred years ago, and, in spite of a pasteboard character or two, the story is full of energy, light and colour. The hero, a foundling whose parents were killed by Kaffirs, is brought up by a recluse, rescues the daughter of a rather dreadful old British officer from an octopus, and rescues her again when she has been carried off and raped during a tribal rising. It sounds rather tuppence coloured. But it is worth a good deal more than tuppence.

*THE DEVIL'S QUILL*, by David Horner, is a story about a spate of anonymous letters breaking up the tranquillity of a small French provincial town. Mr. Horner reproduces the atmosphere with a masterly sureness of touch. I wonder if I am right in thinking that he intended to make his picture of M. Sarliève, the writer of most of the letters, rather more strongly Freudian than in fact it is? At any rate, his hint is enough—and I, for one, am heartily tired of loud shouts on this particular theme.

Mr. Warren Tute is well known as a writer of sea stories, and his *LEVIATHAN* will do nothing to damage his reputation. I hope that I am offending neither Mr. Tute nor the Cunard Company when I say that *Leviathan* reminded me forcibly of the *Queen Elizabeth*—except that the fictional ship was in the end torpedoed, while the real line is (so I understand) sailing slowly towards an honourable retirement. I could not, I am afraid, quite believe in Captain Banks, a kind of Bible-punching Puritan whose orders to his crew seemed to me to be as incomprehensible as they were disconcerting. A very different cup of tea from the elegant and competent gentlemen whose mission compels them, in real life, to surround themselves, at their own table, with the V.I.P.s wished upon them by protocol! But the captain was not the only man concerned with *Leviathan*, and Mr. Tute has covered a broad canvas with figures ranging from the Chairman of the Transoceanic Company to the first "purserette"—to say nothing of the 15,000 troops embarked on her during her last disastrous voyage.

Veteran cars are something of a specialisation, and I therefore cannot quite share Lord Montagu of Beaulieu's enthusiasm for *THE GOBBLING BILLY*, a novel by Dynely James. The publishers tell me (rather darkly) that "Dynely James" is a pseudonym concealing the identity of a pair of authors, one of whom is a distinguished prize-winner in another literary field. May I say that I wish authors and publishers didn't do this? We have only just got used to sorting out Amanda Vail and Warren Miller—and I do not care for this impish coyness. I like to know on whose corns I am about to tread. (Who can it be in this case? Sir Harold Nicolson, perhaps? Or Sir Compton Mackenzie? I hardly think so.) Anyway, I refuse to stand in tears amid these alien corns. Let it go.

Horses are back in favour, I am happy to observe, and we are all show-jumping fans these days. No one has done more—if Pat Smythe and other ladies will forgive me—than Lieut.-Colonel Harry Llewellyn to popularise this sport. His review of *THE SHOW JUMPING YEAR* (1958) is full of magnificent action pictures.

Finally, I will mention, for naval enthusiasts, *BRITISH WARSHIP NAMES*, by Captain T. D. Manning and Commander C. F. Walker. A reference book, but fun to dip into.

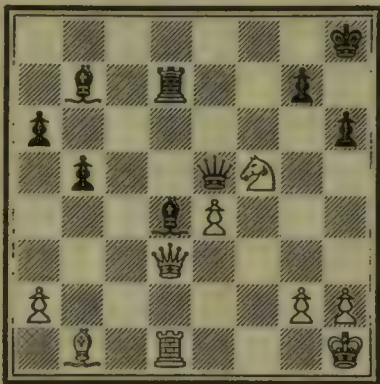
## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

PERHAPS once or twice a year, somebody, somewhere, resigns in an easily won or drawn position. Then the news goes round the world. Naturally, this has to occur in a game of some value, to be news.

The classic example for all time is the game between von Popiel and Marco in the international tournament at Monte Carlo in 1902.

Black

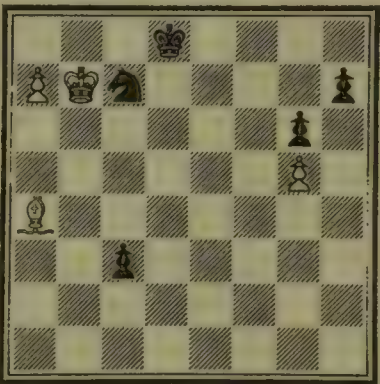


White

White had just played 1. R-Q1 and, thinking his pinned bishop was lost beyond recall, Black resigned. Instead, by 1... B-Kt8! he could have won. He threatens mate by 2... QxRP. If 2. KxB, then 2... RxQ secures queen for R and B. 2. Q-KR3 loses by 2... RxR, and so on.

The latest instance is from a match between Heilbronn and Stuttgart.

Black



White

"I resign!" said Black when he discovered that he could not even play 1... K-Q2 (2. P-R8(Q), Kt x Q; 3. K x Kt, K-K3 with some chances) because his Q2 square is covered by the bishop.

But he could, and should, have played 1... Kt-Rx1!, e.g., 2. K x Kt, K-B2. Black need only oscillate his king between B1 and B2 to keep White's king trapped in the corner. The bishop has its hands full preventing... P-B7. Only from KB5 could it interfere with both Black's king and his passed pawn; and KB5 is taboo.

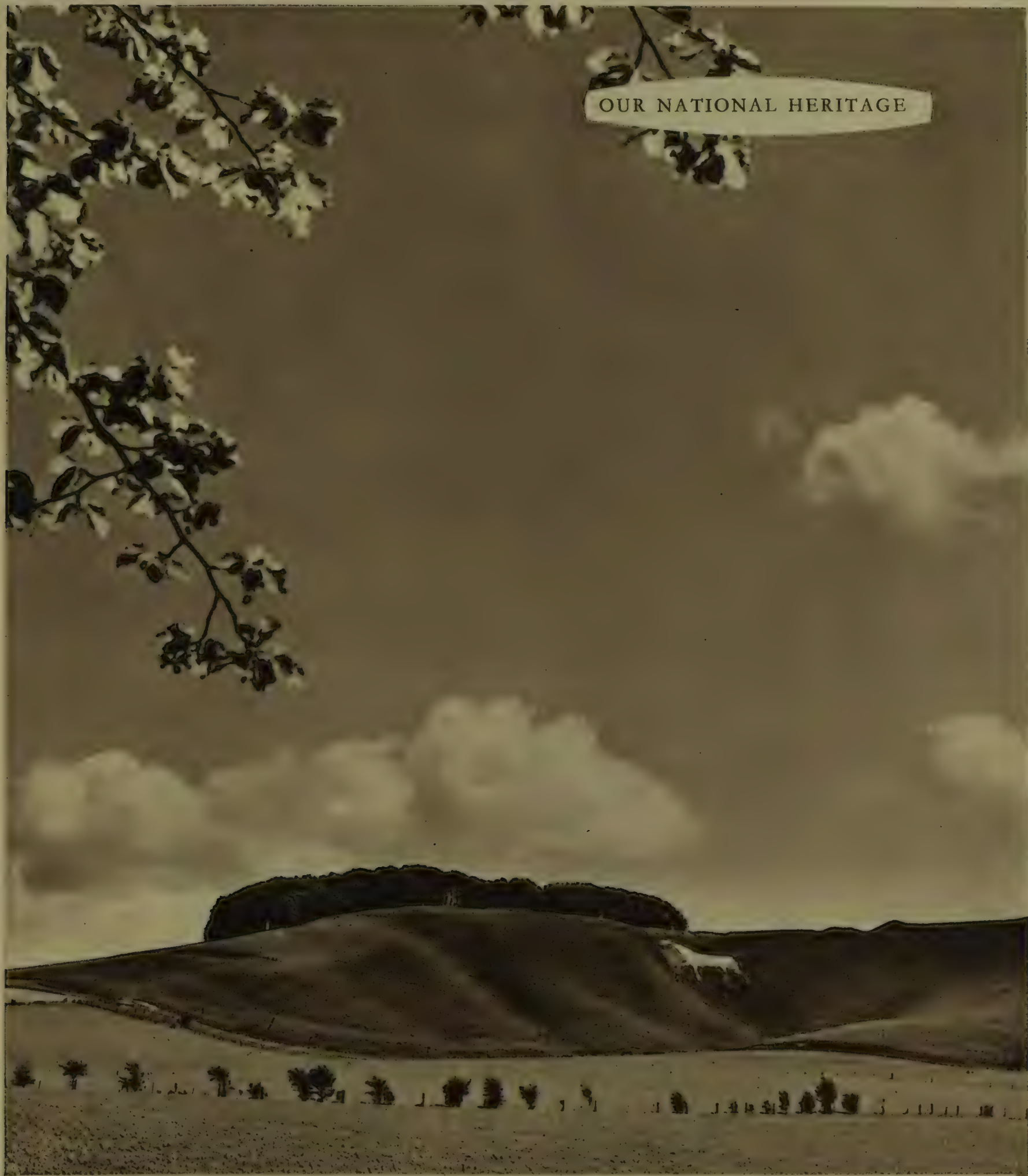
day's work. It is excellent, and I had to finish it at a sitting. Miss Raymond's "flash-back" technique is a bit disconcerting, and I felt that her ending was on the lush side. But these criticisms are trifles. Her hero, Mark Harvist, is a former Anglican priest escaping from gaol. I found little interest in his earlier life and the troubles which had brought him to prison, but his meeting with Gillian Fairfax, who befriends him because she herself is in such desperate need of consolation, is written with certainty and with great beauty. I shall not soon forget Gillian's resigned despair, her lonely suffering, and her sudden clutch at the stranger who can help her, just by listening to her story, and whom she finds that she can help. "Lush again," you will say? Not at all. There is not an ounce of

## BOOKS REVIEWED.

- MISTRESS TO AN AGE*, by J. Christopher Herold. (Hamish Hamilton; 21s.)  
*YOUNG VICTORIANS*, by Marion Lochhead. (John Murray; 21s.)  
*THE GREAT BELZONI*, by Stanley Mayes. (Putnam; 42s.)  
*DRIFTING AROUND THE SOUTH SEAS*, by Guy Batham. (Hale; 18s.)  
*THE FIVE DAYS*, by Diana Raymond. (Cassell; 13s. 6d.)  
*CHILDREN OF PRIDE*, by Reginald Griffiths. (Jarrolds; 15s.)  
*THE DEVIL'S QUILL*, by David Horner. (Heinemann; 15s.)  
*LEVIATHAN*, by Warren Tute. (Cassell; 16s.)  
*THE GOBBLING BILLY*, by Dynely James. (Gollancz; 13s. 6d.)  
*THE SHOW JUMPING YEAR*, by Lieut.-Colonel Harry Llewellyn. (Cassell; 30s.)  
*BRITISH WARSHIP NAMES*, by Captain T. D. Manning and Commander C. F. Walker. (Putnam; 42s.)



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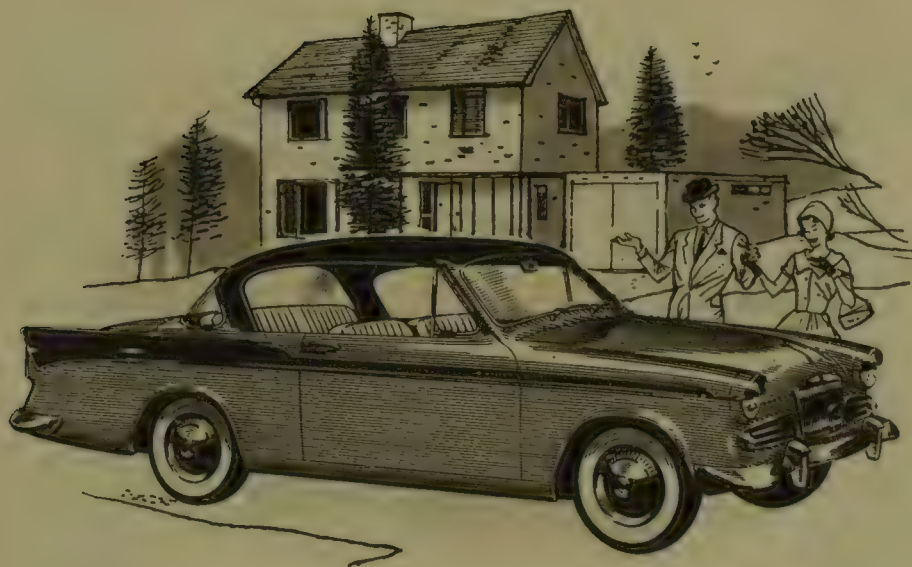


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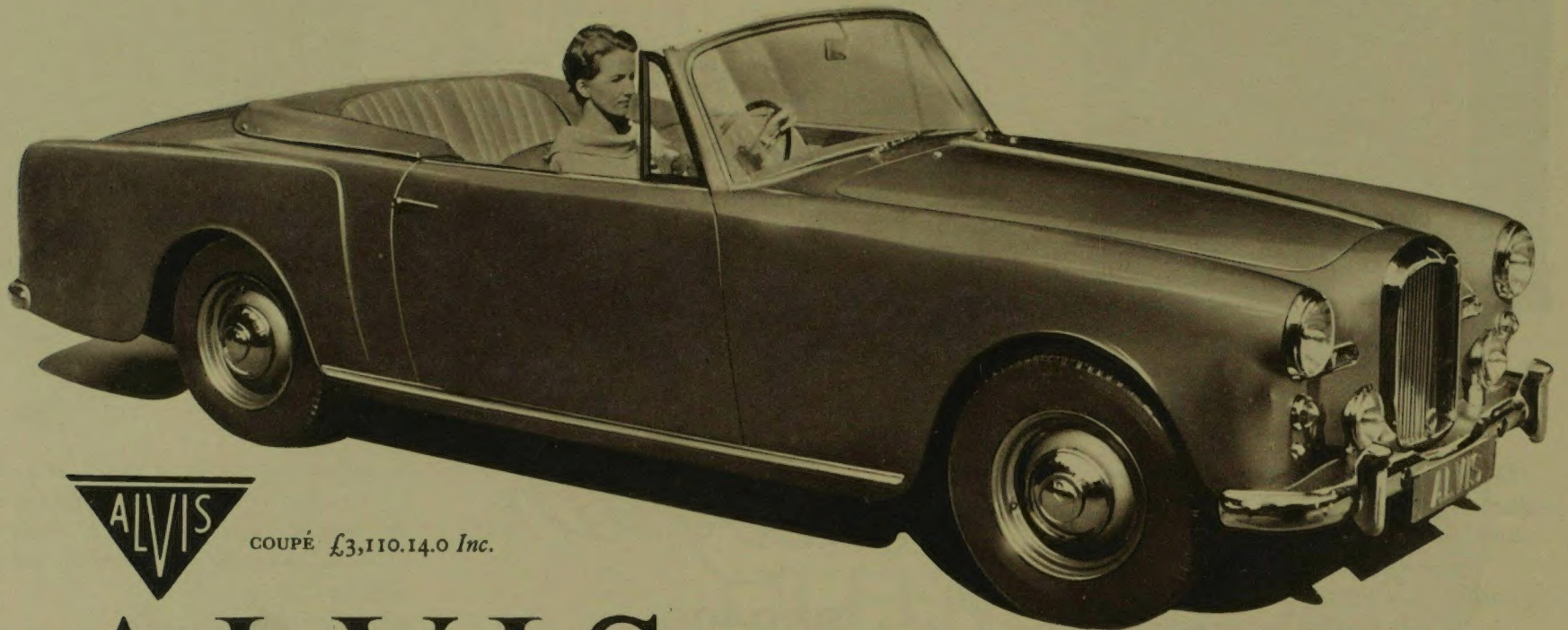
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